THE Nation

AMERICA'S LEADING LIBERAL WEEKLY SINCE 1865

VOLUME 157 NEW YORK · SATURDAY · OCTOBER 2, 1943 NUMBER 14

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Published weekly and copyright, 1943, in the U. S. A. by The Nation Associates, Inc., 55 Fifth Ave., New York 3, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter, December 13, 1879, at the Post Office of New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Washington Editorial Bureau: 318 Kellogg Building.

The Shape of Things

IT IS MR. CHURCHILL'S "CONFIDENT HOPE" that before the end of the year a meeting will take place between Stalin, President Roosevelt, and himself. Such a meeting has long been highly desirable but now the need for it is becoming desperately urgent. With the Red Army steadily pushing the Nazis back against the old Polish frontier, with the Anglo-American forces reaching toward the Alpine wall of Hitler's fortress, and with the Balkans seething in expectation of deliverance, discussions of the political principles which will guide the peace can no longer be postponed. Before the "big three" get together, however, there is to be a preliminary conference "at the foreign-office level" when, to quote Mr. Churchill, "the whole ground will be surveyed and matters carried forward to agreement wherever possible." Since Mr. Anthony Eden is to represent Britain and Mr. Molotov the U.S.S.R., it would seem that Mr. Hull is the only man carrying sufficient political weight to speak for this country. No subordinate could take to the discussions the same authority; he would have to refer back constantly to Washington and so hamper the proceedings if not destroy their utility altogether. Yet, according to a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* of September 26, Mr. Hull is still hesitant about undertaking this duty. This seems almost incredible. The Secretary of State has insisted that, under the President, he carries sole responsibility for the foreign relations of the country and he has jealously chased away all poachers on his territory. How then can he even consider turning over such an assignment—perhaps the most fateful of his whole career—to some underling? Responsibility cuts both ways and if those who claim it are unwilling to exercise it, they forfeit their authority.

*

IT MUST BE A MEASURE OF HOW BADLY things have been going for liberals in Washington that the appointment of Edward R. Stettinius as Under Secretary of State comes as something of a relief. It was illogical to have expected the President to name to the post anyone distinguished for militant convictions about the political nature of the war. After all, it was for precisely such inclinations, however mild, that Sumner Welles was forced out. The far-fetched official explanation, revolv-

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ing about the health of Mr. Welles's wife, only confirms the general understanding that the issue was political, particularly since neither the text of the resignation nor that of the acceptance was made public. In the circumstances the choice might easily have been worse. The former chairman of the United States Steel Corporation belongs to that select group of big business men who understand the changing nature of the times. He has handled the enormously difficult administration of lend-lease efficiently and without substantial complaint. Nothing is known of his diplomatic skill or of his fundamental approach to foreign policy. He is entitled to a fair chance, and until he reveals himself in action we can at least be grateful that the appointment did not go to someone like Breckenridge Long. As for Sumner Welles, the formula employed in explaining his resignation seems, unfortunately, to rule out the prospect of another post for him in the near future. Chalk up a victory for Cordell Hull and a loss for the Administration.

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UNTIL THIS WEEK PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S most vitriolic opponents have been constrained to admit that he knows how to wage war even if his domestic policies are an abomination in the sight of the Lord. This concession, proving deadly to their political hopes of ousting the President next year, is apparently to be discarded in favor of a campaign to undermine confidence in the Administration on all counts. In our belief this is the essence of the trumped-up excitement over General Marshall. No other explanation makes sense. Some one gets wind of the President's intention to give the army's Chief of Staff another post, the nature of which is undisclosed. Immediately tongues are set wagging to the effect that the General is to be "kicked upstairs," that he has displeased the British, that he is the victim of a conspiracy between Roosevelt and Churchill "because he stands up for American rights," and because he favors an early cross-Channel invasion of Western Europe. All of which is as illogical as it is mischievous. As Chief of Staff Marshall has already exercised the two great functions of his office: he has built an American army from scratch and, perhaps more than any other one man, he has molded the grand strategy of the war for the United Nations. The spotlight now shifts from the planning headquarters to the battlefield. Is it likely that if Churchill wished to see Marshall shelved he would conspire to put him in command of all the Allied forces at the point where the General's own strategy is soon to be exercised? And isn't it strange that the McCormick-Patterson press and isolationists in Congress should shriek hysterically over Marshall's "elimination" when they themselves have noisily opposed the second-front position for which they say he is being ousted?

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THE MARSHALL EPISODE IS OF A PIECE WITH the repeated efforts to make political use of General Douglas MacArthur. Unfortunately the General, whose contributions on the battlefield entitle him to the highest regard, has not been well advised in his public pronouncements. His most recent remarks seem at once the coyest, the most cryptic, and the least called for. On the dubious basis of press clippings, probably from papers given to political ax-grinding even in their military analyses, the General has seen fit to discuss the contention that he is being given a role in the war subsidiary to that of Lord Louis Mountbatten, recently appointed to the command of Allied forces in Southeast Asia. He has also thought it proper to dissociate himself from the strategy of "island-hopping," which for good or for ill has so far prevailed in the Pacific theater, and to set forth his own idea of what would be a better strategy. We are certainly not equipped to pass judgment on the General's views, though we think he makes an impressive and convincing case. But since when do generals on active duty appeal to public opinion to pass upon strategies determined from above? MacArthur's assurance that he will "play manfully" the role assigned him, "however subordinate," hardly softens the impact of his attack. On the contrary, it feeds ammunition to those who have been sedulously building him up as a martyr to the jealousy and political fears of the President. Exploiting military heroism for partisan ends is a time-worn, if objectionable, tradition of American politics. But it has little to show in the way of success—at least in wartime. MacArthur-for-President boosters are respectfully referred to the Lincoln-McClellan campaign of 1864.

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SENATOR WHEELER'S HOPE OF USING THE prestige of Bernard Baruch to offset the testimony of the top-flight military and naval leaders regarding the necessity for drafting fathers met with well-deserved failure. Baruch refused to be trapped by Wheeler's cross-questioning, and blurted out that "if George Marshall says that a specified force is needed by our strategic planning, give him what he wants. If you don't do that, then throw him out. No cheese-paring." This outburst seems to have killed the last possibility that Congress might disrupt the administration's military and man-power policies by passing the Wheeler resolution to defer all pre-Pearl Harbor fathers until the end of the year. There is still danger, however, that some compromise measure might be forced through to save the face of the group that has been fighting the drafting of fathers. One such proposal is that the induction of fathers be deferred until November 1 to permit Congress to make a thorough exploration of the man-power question. Senator Taft's suggestion that all fathers under 30 years of age be taken before those over 30 are conscripted has more chance of adoption. Although the Army is not likely to object to a plan that would give it younger men, the Taft program would be acceptable as man-power policy only if

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the nondeferrables and men over 30 in nonessential industry were drafted ahead of those under 30 who are engaged in essential war work.

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THE CRUDE EQUATION OF LIVES TO MONEY which has characterized the promotion of the third war loan would surely convince a man from Mars that the United States is even more crass and materialistic than its severest critics have made it out to be. By making the "sacrifice" of buying a bond, runs the line, you hasten the end of the war, save lives—and get your money back with interest. The drive might at least have been used to teach the public the lessons it needs to learn about inflation—which the loan is designed to prevent. But that lesson was barely mentioned. If there was ever a time when the average American should realize that winning the war and the peace depends upon the wakeful use of his heart and his brain, it is now. But the bond-drive slogans might easily have convinced him that even the end of a war can be bought with money; and they have pandered shamelessly to the human but not exactly admirable desire to get something for nothing that works while you sleep. The campaign was probably run according to the best advertising and promotion techniques; and needless to say we hope it is a tremendous success. But it has been a pretty sorry spectacle, considering that its backdrop is a world at war.

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WE HOPE THAT ALL THREE BRANCHES OF the labor movement as well as liberal organizations the country over will join in the fight begun by the arrest in Texas of R. J. Thomas, president of the United Automobile Workers and vice-president of the C. I. O. Thomas and three other C. I. O. workers were taken into custody after an oil workers' rally in Pelly, Texas, and charged with violating a new state law which requires persons seeking members for a union to obtain a license from the state. Victor Riesel, in *The Nation* of July 31, told the story of this legislation and of the sinister Christian American Association which sponsored it. Colorado, Kansas, Alabama, and Florida have similar laws, and Thomas declared, "We're not going to let any selfish interests here in America—in Texas or anywhere else—sneak behind our back and put on the people of this country the same kind of restrictions and bans that Hitler put on the German people." The Texas law, which has even aroused the ordinarily slow and cautious William Green to action, limits picketing, opens union accounts to any deputy sheriff, and gives the state wide control over the internal affairs of unions. The Christian American Association has already had too much success. The time to fight laws and organizations of this kind is now. It will be harder to defeat them during a period of post-war reaction.

Churchill and Italy

IN HIS wide-ranging survey of the war, Prime Minister Churchill treated the House of Commons and the world to a magnificent piece of reporting. Yet despite the wealth of detail it offered, despite the brilliance of its descriptive passages, despite the appearance of candor almost amounting to indiscretion, the speech did little to allay the disquiet felt in liberal circles about the political conduct of the war. Particularly unsatisfactory were its references to Italy, and what Mr. Churchill had to say on this matter was rendered all the more unpalatable by his reminder that he commanded a majority of the House and intended to use it, if necessary, to silence his critics.

The Prime Minister's speech showed that he either misunderstood or wilfully ignored the nature of much of that criticism. We do not, for instance, object to the acceptance of Italy's surrender from the Badoglio government. There are, in fact, definite advantages in having affixed to the armistice agreement—the symbol of the bankruptcy not merely of a regime but of an idea—the signature of a man long closely identified with fascism. But does the unconditional surrender of Badoglio and the King purge them of their crimes? Is it really necessary, as Mr. Churchill implied, to treat them now as the only true representatives of the Italian nation? Is it wise to underwrite a regime whose only claim to authority derives from its threadbare rags of "legitimacy"?

Yet this is the policy which Mr. Churchill outlined, and it is, presumably, the policy agreed upon by him and President Roosevelt in their conferences at Quebec and Washington. True, the British Prime Minister did not altogether exclude the liberal and labor elements in Italy from consideration. He was even good enough to offer them some advice. "It is necessary," he said, "that all the surviving forces in Italy's national life should be rallied together around their government and that the King and Marshal Badoglio should be supported by whatever liberal and left-wing elements are capable of making headway aganst the Nazi Quisling gang." The suggestion, apparently, is that the people who have fought fascism for years, the men who forced Badoglio to make peace, should now surrender unconditionally to the turncoats of the eleventh hour. But there is no hint of Allied pressure on Victor Emmanuel to form a truly national government and thus give the liberal forces in the country a share in making policy.

Nor, it seems, are we insisting on the readmission to Italy of the anti-fascist exiles who could do much to rally the Italian masses to the cause of democracy. Mr. Churchill said that he could not speak for Count Sforza when asked if the Allied governments would permit this distinguished exile to return to Italy. According to Pertinax, writing in the New York *Times*, Count Sforza

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was expecting to go to Italy shortly but was prevented by an edict of the British Foreign Office. This makes us wonder if a promise has been made to the Badoglio government to keep out anyone it considers "undesirable." We can imagine how gratefully it would respond to such a promise, for with exiled leaders of the opposition barred and the domestic leaders being slaughtered in the industrial cities of the north, its chances of survival would be distinctly improved.

Mr. Churchill described the Anglo-American forces in Italy as "armies of liberation," and in this case our natural allies inside the country are, as we have pointed out many times, the workers and others who have long fought against fascism and suffered under its tyrannies. They are, in fact, the spearhead of resistance within the German lines which is making the Nazi task of organizing defensive positions increasingly difficult. There is not much evidence that the higher civil officials and military commanders are responding with any fervor to orders to fight the Germans. At best Badoglio and the King command the loyalty only of time-servers who after licking Mussolini's boots for years turned against him to save their skins and fortunes. We cannot expect such men to take risks to rid Italy of Germans. According to Swiss dispatches, German victories in Milan, Turin, Genoa, and Bologna proved easy, thanks to "generals who were unwilling to resist, commanders who sabotaged, and high officials who betrayed."

Formal Italian resistance proved feeble, but it has been succeeded by guerrilla warfare on a scale which is causing serious embarrassment to the Nazis and rendering substantial aid to our forces. It is improbable that this uprising owes anything to Badoglio's appeals; it is rather the spontaneous action of the workers and lower ranks of the army, who are seizing a long-awaited opportunity to finish fascism once and for all. And they don't make fine distinctions between those men who still cling to Mussolini and those who ceased to follow him on July 25. These fighters—trade unionists, radicals, republicans—are our true allies in Italy. Have we no message for them save cold instructions to rally to a feeble monarch and a discredited general whom they rightly regard as traitors?

The Fulbright Resolution

PASSAGE of the Fulbright resolution in the House of Representatives by a vote of more than twelve to one is highly encouraging as an indication that the American people have definitely turned their back on isolationism. In the years immediately preceding Pearl Harbor the House was consistently isolationist on most major issues—far more so, we believe, than the public as a whole. The House passed the Spanish embargo with but one dissenting vote; it adopted a Neutrality Act which prevented the government from promising aid to the potential victims of Axis aggression; and, on the eve of the outbreak of the war, it pinned a cash-and-carry amendment to the act, which said, in effect, that further Axis attacks were of no concern to the United States.

The Fulbright resolution represents a complete repudiation of those policies. It places the House on record as favoring overwhelmingly the participation of the United States in "appropriate international machinery with power adequate to establish and maintain a just and lasting peace." This involves a recognition of our international responsibilities that should strengthen the President's hand immeasurably in the United Nations negotiations that lie ahead. The chief question now is the Senate's attitude on this crucial question. After all, it is the Senate and not the House that is invested by the Constitution with the power to ratify treaties. At present writing the Senate seems inclined to shelve the Fulbright resolution in favor of a formula of its own. Its motive for this appears to be nothing better than chagrin over the fact that the House has stolen a march on it. But the Senate's jealousy, however unworthy as a motive, may have a beneficial effect if it leads to an amalgamation of the principles of the Ball-Burton-Hill-Hatch resolution with those of the Fulbright measure.

There is no conflict in spirit between the two. But the resolution introduced last spring by the two Republican and two Democratic Senators has a distinct advantage over the Fulbright resolution in that it contains a specific program of action. It proposes that the United States take the initiative in forming an organization of the United Nations (1) to prosecute the war more effectively; (2) to set up temporary administrations for the liberated territories; (3) to take charge of relief and rehabilitation activities in these territories; (4) to establish machinery for the peaceful settlement of international disputes; and (5) to create a United Nations military force to prevent future aggression. Some of these steps, notably in the field of relief and rehabilitation, are already under way. The fourth is implied in the Fulbright resolution. But crucial in any scheme for post-war organization is recognition of the necessity for an international military force to check aggression. It was largely because of hesitancy over the military sanctions in Article XVI that the United States repudiated the League of Nations after the last war. Consequently, a clear statement pledging American cooperation in military efforts to preserve the peace would do more than anything else to reassure the world. The Senate is the only body that can speak authoritatively on this question. Unfortunately, while prompt action would be of immeasurable value in the tri-partite conversations soon to begin in Moscow, Administration leaders, fearing noisy opposition from the isolationists, seem bent on postponing debate.

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Balkan Possibilities

BY J. ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

THE invasion of the Balkans may take place before this commentary appears, or it may be deferred until after further developments in Italy. From the point of view of the political problems which will face the Allies when they land there, the date is a matter of indifference. Now or later the crux of the Balkan situation lies in the amount of active support which the Allied cause can obtain from the Balkan population.

There may be some circles in which the feelings and opinions of the Balkan people are of no great importance. The only consideration for them is that the Allies succeed in marshaling sufficient shipping, men, and air superiority to expedite their military operations. This habit of thinking simply in terms of war and not in terms of a struggle for democracy would make things wonderfully easy were the territories which must be invaded occupied only by enemy armies. Unfortunately, the people are also involved, with their aspirations, their experiences, and their hate of fascism.

There are two ways in which the United Nations can deal with the people: they can leave to the German generals, as in the case of Milan and Turin, the job of exterminating the democratic nuisance, or they can accept the people, from the beginning, as their real and most effective allies. We suggest that now, in the concrete case of Yugoslavia, the People's Liberation Movement be recognized and dealt with as the actual expression of Yugoslav democracy.

When they enter the Balkans, the Allies will find the people armed with more than love of freedom. Without waiting for the arrival of the liberators, they armed themselves with guns and took up the fight against the Nazis. Elsewhere in this issue we publish an article by Bogdan Raditsa dealing mainly with Yugoslavia. His presentation of the problem is particularly timely because in recent days some obvious attempts have been made to confuse the news coming from that country, chiefly through the Yugoslav Democratic News Agency. The purpose is clear: to give entire credit to General Draja Mihailovich for all action against the Germans and to minimize the efforts of the Partisans. The same people who are transforming Marshal Badoglio into one of the great benefactors of the United Nations would make of the Yugoslav general a legendary hero of the entire Balkan region.

There are even those who dream of Mihailovich emerging from the war with enough prestige to head a Balkan army which would prove to Russia that it could not dominate Eastern Europe. A fantastic hope! The attraction which Russia has always exercised on the Balkan people has been immeasurably strengthened by the glorious Soviet military victories. The Balkan countries can constitute a most useful link between Russia and the rest of Europe. But if anyone hopes to use them as a *cordon sanitaire* around the Soviet Union, or to force them to choose between Russia and the West, they will move even more readily toward Russia. Moreover, this movement in favor of Mihailovich is directed by elements which can only discredit him utterly in the eyes of the Yugoslav people and ruin whatever value he might have had as a military leader.

One of the chief arguments cited against accepting the cooperation of the People's Army of Liberation—even for the coming Allied landing operations—is that it is not a part of the regular Yugoslav army, recognized by the government-in-exile. This raises the question to what extent the government-in-exile is recognized by the Yugoslav people. All through the various ministerial crises, which he was obliged to settle far away from his country, the young king never succeeded in forming a Cabinet that could be considered representative. The four governments preceding the present one—that of General Simovich, the two headed by Professor Slobodon Jovanovich, and that of Milos Trifunovich—included prominent political leaders, but they were unable to agree on the national structure of Yugoslavia. While inside the country, according to all available reports, the idea of a democratic federal Yugoslavia is growing stronger and stronger, in these governments a continuous struggle has been waged between those who favor a centralized state under Serbian hegemony and those supporting a federation of autonomous states.

The latest government was born of the impasse over this issue. Headed by an intelligent and subtle diplomat, Dr. Bozhidar Purich, whom I remember well from meetings of the League of Nations, this government offers only a "diplomatic solution." It does not represent the present mood of the Yugoslav people. Its worst feature is its domination by General Zukovich and Ambassador Bogoljub Jevich—two of the most unpopular figures in Yugoslav political life, participants in the dictatorship that ruled Yugoslavia after 1929, who dream of becoming again the strong men to bring "order" out of the post-war "chaos."

Official relations with the government in London should not be permitted to cut the Allied powers off from the most reliable forces of resistance in Yugoslavia. Long ago Britain and the United States should have insisted on a democratic Yugoslav regime and complete reconciliation with the Partisans. This should have been made a condition precedent to any material support. They failed to do so, and as a consequence are now confronted with a situation which offers no further opportunity for diplomatic maneuver. Even if they maintain formal relations with the government-in-exile they must with all possible speed establish full political collaboration with

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the People's Movement of Liberation and recognize it as the only anti-fascist force in Yugoslavia.

The recognition of this movement would not only give the Allies important military support in the invasion of the Balkans but open the way for a solution of some of the difficult problems that will arise after the war. The question of Italian-Yugoslav relations, so grave in the past, can be solved only by genuinely democratic elements among the two peoples. Already the Yugoslav Partisans have won over the Italian forces on their soil and induced them to join the fight against the Germans. This is an indication of what an intelligent democratic conception of political warfare could achieve in preparing the ground for a free and peaceful Europe.

Straw Vote on the Future

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, September 24

THE debate on the Fulbright resolution and the resolution itself were made to order for a certain kind of bright comment. The House of Representatives has only a vague and indirect power over the conduct of foreign affairs, and in that sense the balloting was—as one opponent of the resolution protested—merely a "straw vote." Most of the House members were bored and uninterested, and the leaders had difficulty in keeping the discussion going for the allotted four hours. Many of those who did speak said their piece for the *Congressional Record* and left without bothering to hear what their colleagues had to say. Others contented themselves with an "extension of remarks."

The general indifference was so great as to elicit a scolding from Representative Eaton of New Jersey, ranking Republican member of the Foreign Affairs Committee. The angry outburst was blue-penciled out of the *Congressional Record*. "What are we fussing about here," Eaton asked, "when we haven't enough interest to fill these seats, and when we do fill them we sit around and gab and gossip like a bunch of old women at a sewing party?" "If we haven't enough interest," he added, "we should get out and give room for some decent people who have a sense of responsibility about these issues. . . ." It may be interesting to recall the discreet elision of this rebuke from the *Record* next time Congress complains that the OWI is "coddling" the people by failing to give them the brutal truth.

The Fulbright resolution is vague. Mundt of South Dakota, perhaps the most strongly isolationist member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, voted for it and said he couldn't see how anyone could vote against it: "Within its boundaries is haven enough for the most ultra-isolationist in the country as well as the most 'super-dooper' internationalist." The original resolution merely said that Congress favored "the creation of appropriate international machinery with power adequate to establish and to maintain a just and lasting peace among the nations of the world," and "participation by the United States therein." "Through its constitutional processes" was a last-minute amendment added by the Foreign Affairs Committee just before it unanimously reported the resolution to the House.

Great value was placed on this phrase by the Republican isolationists, who have never been more Talmudic, if not downright cabalistic. They have been attributing a mysterious potency to words like "sovereignty" and "constitutionalism." Bloom of New York objected that the addition was unnecessary because Congress could hardly authorize any other than constitutional processes. But those in the House, like those at Mackinac, who have no intention of supporting a genuine international order, obviously expect the words to provide them with the necessary loopholes. Articles X and XVI of the League Covenant were similarly attacked as an infringement of "sovereignty" and a violation of the constitutional prerogative of Congress to declare war.

It is the memory of the League debate and of what preceded it that makes so many people here cynical about the Fulbright resolution. They remember Taft's League to Enforce Peace in 1915 and Lodge's indorsement of it in 1916. The most enthusiastic felt the chill when Madden of Indiana read from Jim Watson's "As I Knew Them" the account of a secret meeting with Lodge on the strategy of defeating the Covenant. "It appears to me," Watson told Lodge, "that 80 per cent of the people are for it." "Ah, my dear James," was Lodge's reply, "I do not propose to beat it by direct frontal attack but by the indirect method of reservations." Those reservations also revolved around the concepts of constitutionalism and sovereignty.

This background is discouraging, and much of the debate was on a depressingly low and chauvinistic plane, notably the contributions of the Illinois delegation. Day warned against "a veritable mob of foreigners demanding the things which we Americans call our own," and Miss Sumner thought it "the most dangerous bill ever presented to an American Congress." But there were other voices, too, voices which I think more truly reflect

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the thinking of the American people. Wadsworth of New York, Eaton of New Jersey, Vorys of Ohio, Judd of Minnesota, Voorhis of California, Johnson of Oklahoma, and Luther Johnson of Texas, members of both parties, men of both the right and the left, were united in a desire to find some way to prevent another world war. Johnson of Oklahoma said it very simply, "I submit in all seriousness that peace—a lasting peace—next to winning the war decisively and getting our boys home as soon as possible, is closer to the hearts of our people than any other problem."

Let those who dismiss the Fulbright resolution as meaningless think how disastrous its defeat would have been. True, the victory is a precarious one, despite the unanimous vote of the committee and the 360 to 29 vote in the House. The Republicans ran out last time on expressions much like the Fulbright resolution. But the vote reflected the politicians' recognition of the public's deep desire for a system to enforce peace, and whether the resolution turns out to be another disillusioning fraud or the first tentative step toward a new order depends on whether or not the country keeps the heat on Washington.

There is danger that the whole issue will be shelved in the Senate for some time. The Senate, which does have a great constitutional role to play in the formulation of our foreign policy, looks down upon the Fulbright resolution. Senator Connally, chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, seems to be ready to put aside not only the House resolution but the Senate's own B2H2 resolution, which is more explicit. In part this reflects his ambition to bring forward proposals of his own; in part Administration caution. It is feared that under the Senate's rules allowing unlimited debate many harsh things might be said of our Russian and British allies just as a badly needed three-power meeting was in the offing. Better than postponement would be popular pressure to force favorable Senate action by a large majority, despite the utterances of our new bitter-enders. That depends on you and me.

Financing America's Future

II. DEMOBILIZATION DAY—A PREVIEW[1]

BY STUART CHASE

THE bells will ring on Demobilization Day. Everybody will have a shout in his heart. But the American economic system will be a wonder to behold. It promises to look like something from the back of the moon. Any prophet who might have been bold enough to picture it in 1940 would have been run in by the police as mentally unbalanced. I remember the blank, terrified stares of a group of business men when I ventured to say in 1940 that the national debt would presently go over one hundred billion dollars if the United States entered the war.

The National Debt. I was a rank conservative. When the war ends, the national debt will stand at two to three hundred billion dollars, according to bank presidents, chiefs of great insurance companies, and other financial experts. What is even more astonishing, they seem to take the idea in their stride. To quote Emil Schram,[2] president of the New York Stock Exchange: "I am not appalled at the prospect. The American system is equal to any burden which it may have to carry." Myron F. Converse, former head of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks, says that a public debt of $250 billion will not ruin the country if the national income remains above $100 billion, and affirms that we are going to hold it there under our present "managed money" methods.[3]

The National Income. British experience shows that the debt burden can be serviced without too much difficulty if it does not exceed twice the annual national income. In 1943 the national income in the United States will certainly reach $125 billion. By D-Day it may be running at the rate of $150 billion at 1943 prices. If prices have moved up by then, and they probably will move up farther in a creeping inflation, the figure will be considerably higher measured in future dollars.

The War Output. The output for war goods and services is estimated at $80 billion for 1943. If the total national output in 1943 reaches $140 billion, the war will thus be taking 57 per cent of American production. Where will the ratio stand on D-Day? I believe that 70 per cent is probably the limit, based on British and German experience. Donald Nelson looks forward to an annual war cost of $106 billion in the near future. This would be approximately 70 per cent of a national output of $150 billion.

These figures sound insane. When the National Sur-

[1] Based on a chapter from the author's forthcoming report to the Twentieth Century Fund, to be published in the fall under the title, "Where's the Money Coming From? Problems of Post-War Finance."

[2] The New York *Times*, April 19, 1942.

[3] New York *World-Telegram*, May 7, 1942.

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vey of Potential Product Capacity estimated that we could produce $130 billion worth of goods and services in 1929 dollars, the findings were laughed at as wildly and weirdly extravagant. Yet here we are, ahead of that volume, and destined to be far ahead of it by D-Day. None of us, not even the most starry-eyed dreamer, ever imagined the quantity of goods the American productive machine could fabricate once it was given a green light for full speed ahead.

War Taxes. Do you remember when a rise of 2 per cent in the income tax was considered practically confiscation? Our leading cartoonists blossomed forth with sketches of *homo Americanus* clad only in a barrel. Happy days! The 1942 rates would have caused apoplexy in many editorial chairs in 1940. As for the rates we can expect on D-Day, no substantial citizen could have looked at them and lived. Yet we shall pay them and live. Federal taxes are likely to amount to at least half the annual dollar cost of the war. If that cost is running at $100 billion, we shall be paying $50 billion in federal taxes.

Lend-Lease. In the last war we loaned some $10 billion to our allies, who defaulted on most of it. The unpaid war debts were an ugly political question for many years. Senators as well as common citizens found it difficult to see that our refusal to take large shipments of imports made it impossible for our allies to pay. We prevented them from paying by virtue of our high tariffs.

This time there will be no such debts—though I am not sure there will be no political arguments. Congress has already appropriated some $50 billion for lend-lease advances to the United Nations. In recent months we have been shipping as much as a billion dollars' worth of goods a month on this account.

It is the theory of lend-lease that such shipments do not constitute a formal loan in dollars, but rather an advance in goods and services which, in due course, will be offset by goods, services, or assistance remitted in return. Substantial offsets in the shape of food for our soldiers abroad are already being made.

The Banks. Long before D-Day the banking system of the country has already become in a sense a ward of the federal government. Let Mr. Kiplinger, the famous business-service man, describe the banks as they appear to him:[4]

> Banks look the same on the outside as they did ten years ago. They have the same awesome fronts, the same barred windows and tellers' cages. But inside they are different. They look to government. . . . They get paid for following instructions, or "suggestions." The pay is the interest on the money they lend to government by buying the government's bonds. The pay amounts to a subsidy to banks. . . . The business of lending has become different. It already *has* become dominated by politics. . . . The war puts government firmly into the driver's seat as the general manager of the people's money, as the social director of the uses to which the people's savings shall be put. . . .

4 "Washington Is Like That." By W. M. Kiplinger. Harper, 1942.

Savings. The Department of Commerce, in a release in April, 1943, estimated that savings in the hands of individuals will reach the unheard-of figure of $60 billion by January 1, 1945. The American people are getting more money in their pay envelopes than ever before in history. They cannot begin to spend it all. They have not points enough in their ration books. There are still many school teachers, farmers, workers, whose pay is below the average, and who are saving nothing, but they are offset by the new class of employees in war industries who draw more pay than they can dispose of. These savings could start a serious post-war inflation. If wisely managed, however, they can help cushion the shock of demobilization.

BACK OF THE MOON

The dollar figures mentioned earlier are necessarily guesses, but perhaps not too wild. Let us venture a few guesses about other aspects of the economy on D-Day.

There will be at least 12 million men in the armed services when the war ends, great numbers of them overseas. Most of them will have been out of touch with civilian life for several years. Some younger men will never have had any regular job but fighting for their country. The whole force will have been extremely well cared for physically—the best of food, the sturdiest of clothing, the finest medical attention, every sort of equipment which their terrible tasks demand. They are already seeing much of the world. In many critical situations they are taking great responsibility. They are highly skilled in using the intricate machines of modern warfare. They feel that they *belong,* that they have a cardinal place in the American scheme of things. Certainly every speech they read or hear emphasizes the importance of that place.

When D-Day comes, most of these men will be glad to go home. But they will not, I think, be glad to sell apples on the street. They may not take kindly to being deprived of their high status in the community. They may not understand such treatment—and they promise to be very tough, well-disciplined, and resourceful young men. We have never had such a terrific human force in our economy before. It is a force which will need to be treated with extreme consideration. Representative Dewey of Illinois knew what he was talking about when he said: "Local boards are drafting these boys into the army. They will come back strong, lean, seeking opportunity and determined to have it. Why should they not find other boards ready to induct them into gainful enterprise? . . . If they don't, look out!"

I live twenty miles from Bridgeport. It had a terrific war boom in 1918, but that was nothing to the one it

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has now. Bridgeport never recovered from the devastating after-effects of the first boom. Citizens looked forward with dread to another such fever. Now they have it, only worse. Bridgeport is but one of hundreds of American cities seized with munitions elephantiasis. On D-Day there they will be, helpless in their bloated immensity, their chief reason for existence gone or going. The workers in Bridgeport, like the men in the army, have been given a vital feeling of belonging to the community. Like the men in the army, they may not take kindly to being suddenly classed as untouchables at the bottom of the social pyramid.

Seventy Per Cent of Man-Power. If the war ends with 70 per cent of our national effort going for military purposes, the man-power situation promises to look something like this:

		Per Cent
In the armed services.....	12,000,000	
In war industries and activities....	33,000,000	
Total for war	45,000,000	70
In the civilian industries.....	20,000,000	30
Total national man-power.....	65,000,000	100

Thus some 45 million citizens may be on the federal government's pay roll—directly in the armed forces, indirectly in the war industries and services. The government cannot fire 70 per cent of the working population the way a meat market fires a butcher boy.

By D-Day the ranks of industrial labor may hold 10 million women, boys, and men not subject to the army who, if the war had not come, would be running their houses, playing bridge, living on investments, clerking in stores, studying in various schools, sunning themselves in Florida, or looking for a "respectable" job. The class structure of America has never been so rigid as that of Europe, but this wholesale migration by the middle class into the "proletariat" is something new under the sun.

My daughter went from her college commencement to a sanding machine with which she processed aluminum parts for fighter planes. In my little Connecticut town I can already count a score of professional and highly educated neighbors who are getting themselves covered with grease on the night shift of Bridgeport factories. Suddenly, as history goes, a great segment of our population, well-educated and observant, finds itself faced with the problems of hours, wages, working conditions, safety—not by reading about such things at home, but by punching time clocks and standing in the assembly line. What is this likely to do to the official labor movement? It is likely to push it in two directions. On the one hand, it may make the closed shop far more difficult in many unions. On the other hand, it may make millions of Americans more sympathetic to the problems of individual workers. Women who used to keep two maids will perhaps learn how it feels to be bawled out by the foreman.

The Great Steam Roller. One by one the barriers which divide the wealthy from the poor will be lowered as D-Day approaches. The poor have had their wages raised and, better still, have been delivered from work relief and unemployment. They are self-supporting Americans again. Progressive income taxes are reducing the net incomes of the well-to-do. Where will the levels be when the war ends? Quincy Howe has estimated that no family will get much less than $2,500, or much more than $25,000—a ten-to-one range. It would take a long war, however, to reach this level.

The luxury trades will have been pretty well wiped out by D-Day except such mass luxuries as movies, beer, and cigarettes. Servants will be in the factories or fighting, and the women who stay at home will be doing most of their own work. Already the maid shortage parallels the gas shortage in Suburban Heights. Will servants who have found relative independence in the factory want to go back to "Yes, sir," "No, sir," and "Please, sir"?

Most powerful of all forces making for equality may be rationing. It will be directed more and more toward seeing that every American family receives the essentials of life. Mr. Byrnes has flatly said as much. By D-Day there may be a graded distribution of essentials—the best cuts and qualities for the armed services, next best for the workers in heavy war industries, grade three for the rest of us, with Judy O'Grady doing just as well as the Colonel's lady.

A great steam roller is bearing down to flatten out economic classes and economic distinctions. The big house on the hill is closed, while the people across the tracks have more money than they can spend. It is not to be concluded, however, that we shall be reduced to one dead level of achievement. The steam roller promises to grind over stuffed shirts, deflating reputations blown up by fast-working publicity men. At the same time a new group of managers will be raised up, men who can get things done—produce goods, organize civilian effort, win battles, eliminate waste, bring us nearer to victory. The war on the home front still has its aspects of Hollywood, as *Life* once said. Sooner or later we have got to replace the stage men with real men.

New Patterns for Business. D-Day will see the structure of industry drastically revised. The so-called "concentration" movement may by then include many consumer-goods industries. Take the manufacture of stoves. New stoves are now being produced in a few "nucleus" plants, primarily the more efficient factories. All other stove plants are converted or closed down for the duration, their labor distributed to war production. More than eighty consumer-goods industries in Britain

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have been "concentrated," and we are beginning to follow the same road. The closed plants may keep a skeleton administrative staff; perhaps their brands will be kept alive by the nucleus plants. But in many cases the private brands will be dropped in favor of "victory models," simplified and standardized stoves, shoes, household tools, furniture, and the rest.

Quite apart from the concentration program, it is inevitable that many thousands of small businesses should be eliminated as the war goes on. The vast roadside industry has already been hard hit—filling stations, garages, automobile and tire dealers, road houses. Many Main Street stores are being hit, and will be hit harder as the volume of consumers' goods declines. By the end of 1943, inventories are expected to be savagely reduced. The stores which remain in business will have to drop trimmings, frills, and special services to the consumer. The customer will no longer always be right. The lady who orders five frocks expecting to return four of them after closer examination may get no service at all.

The whole great structure of competitive advertising no longer has much point. In Britain advertising is kept precariously alive by using space to advise the public *not to purchase* the advertiser's canned soup or his motor cars. In this country advertising still keeps going on "good-will" campaigns, where the advertiser's name is tied up with "buy bonds now" and pictures of charging tanks. As the war strips us to bare essentials, one wonders how much of this can be retained. Salesmen are suffering a similar decline as their services become meaningless. Many are in the army or have switched from white collars to overalls.

Big business may be easier to recognize than little business when D-Day comes, but here also there are sure to be great changes. Many of the ablest executives are already working for the government, their horizons widened to a real comprehension of the public interest. Patent monopolies and pre-war practices involving the restriction of output may be largely broken up. Some great industries—like the automobile industry already—will be working exclusively to government order when the war ends, producing not a single item for civilian use except possibly spare parts. It is not going to be easy to reconstruct the old techniques, where production was delicately adjusted to maximum profit or minimum loss. The market itself has disappeared for the duration.

Foreign trade in the old sense has already disappeared. Lend-lease now accounts for most of our exports, and such private traders as remain can move their goods only by permission of the Office of Economic Warfare. Perhaps we should drop the word "trade" for the duration. There are no free international markets left, almost no meeting of private buyers and sellers haggling for a just price. What we have now, and are sure to get more of, is a condition of exchange where the several governments decide what they will swap to speed the war effort, or to keep raw materials out of the hands of the Axis.

When the war ends, the economic systems of the United States, Britain, Canada, Mexico, the Caribbean countries, New Zealand, Australia, North Africa, may have been hammered into one super-system which will make the old national tariffs, currencies, trade practices look like remnants of the Stone Age. To unscramble this pattern will not be the work of a day.

The American crop output is sure to be very different on D-Day from what it was in 1941, being designed to feed armies and foreign allies as well as to provide subsistence for citizens on a balanced-diet basis. There will be few surpluses dumped to rot. The farm labor force will be greatly changed. Perhaps squads of youngsters from the schools will do much of the seasonal work. The railways, highways, airways, waterways, pipe lines may be under one integrated control. This control, after the bugs are shaken out of it, may be so much more efficient in moving freight that one wonders how successful the effort will be to dismantle it.

The great American recreation industry, shorn of its cash customers by the restrictions on pleasure driving, may have retreated to its condition in about the year 1900.

This is but a modest preview of the changed national picture on D-Day. If the war is long, the change may be still more drastic. The date I had roughly in mind was early in 1946. Perhaps the end will come in two instalments, the first in Europe, the second in the Far East. A military miracle or a sudden internal collapse of our enemies may happily move up the date of the final cease-firing order.

The free market gone; foreign trade obliterated by lend-lease; the government ordering 60 to 70 per cent of everything produced; new and strange contractual relationships; the incentive of competition badly weakened; great areas of little business boarded up; a scarcity of man-power, and the ranks of labor inundated by a flood from the middle class; the distribution of the national income leveled and shifted in curious directions; the crop pattern rearranged; great taxes, great public debts, great levies of forced savings, great national income; the government in complete control of the banks, the British Empire and Latin America sitting in the middle of our laps. Is there any road back?

One cannot operate a financial system in a vacuum. Behind the dollars lies a background of men, women, and things. I have tried to indicate the surprising nature of that background on the day when the guns cease to speak.

[*This is the second of a series of articles on America's post-war economy. Mr. Chase's concluding article, to appear in an early issue, will expound the thesis "There Is Nothing to Fear but Fear."*]

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Choices in Italy

BY DONALD W. MITCHELL

REMINISCENT of the days of blitzkrieg has been the speed with which events have moved in the Mediterranean. The liquidation of German resistance in Tunisia, the conquest of Sicily, Mussolini's downfall, the aerial blasting of the Italian mainland, the successful invasion of southern Italy, and the unconditional surrender of the Badoglio government have been telescoped into a period of a little more than four months. The suspicion that Italy was the weak point of the Axis has been abundantly confirmed, for resistance from the Italians before their surrender was in many cases no more than nominal.

The fighting in both Sicily and Italy has been highly creditable to the troops and military leadership of the United Nations. The most critical single step, the landings in Sicily, were made with comparatively light losses and a high degree of cooperation among air, sea, and land units. General Patton's men, after encountering severe initial opposition from superior German forces, made good their bridgehead and in the later exploitation of gains did as well as any army has done during the entire war. After the American Seventh Army scored its break-through, the result of the campaign was a certainty; the only question was that of the time required, and this was reduced by the sea and air superiority which made our problem of reinforcement much simpler than the enemy's.

The campaign in southern Italy presented a different set of problems. The landings in Calabria were as simple as such military feats can be, as a result of the lack of Italian resistance, the few beach defenses, the short distance to be covered, and the powerful air and sea coverage. But landing General Clark's Fifth Army at Salerno was a more risky procedure, since it permitted the Germans to concentrate a superior force against the American bridgehead. Once that bridgehead was secured, however, all German troops to the south were threatened with the cutting of their communications and line of retreat. Probably the nearest parallel in this war was the Malayan campaign, in which the Japanese, who at that time held command of sea and air, compelled the British to retreat continually by landing forces behind their lines. In a country with the geography of Italy this process can be repeated almost indefinitely as long as air and sea control is secure and the troops landed are strong enough to take care of themselves.

The Germans have in Italy more troops than were used by the Axis in Sicily. But the Allies have lines of reinforcement that are more secure and also the choice of where and when to strike. Hitler faces two alternatives. He can pour men into Italy and make a serious attempt to hold the country. Or he can retreat after resistance by small German units and the application of a thorough scorched-earth policy have multiplied Allied problems.

Neither of these policies can be termed desirable from the German point of view. The only real value of a determined effort to hold Italy would be to prevent or at least delay air and land offensives against more important sectors of Hitler's fortress. And by land few roads lead from Rome to Berlin. Moreover, a decision to hold Italy would mean the employment of large land armies and further depletion of German reserves. Garrisons everywhere else would have to be weakened and the risk of utter disaster in the east accepted. If such a policy were persisted in, Italy might well become a real second front according to the Russian definition of the term, and one on which the Allies would in all likelihood be victorious.

The second plan, a retreat up the Italian peninsula with possibly a determined effort to hold along the Po, certainly at the Alps, neither of which lines could be readily flanked, would appear to be the more profitable strategy. But not even this can be done without danger. The longer the Germans resist the greater their danger of becoming involved in a costly campaign or, if the resisting forces are left small, of having their retreat cut off by landings farther north. Yet prestige hardly permits a hasty withdrawal, and the threat of close-range bombing of Austrian, Czech, and Hungarian war centers is not one to be lightly considered.

Many of the fruits of complete victory in Italy are already falling to the United Nations. The main gains are three:

First, the surrender of most of the Italian navy greatly affects the naval balance of the war. While few of the ships can be profitably incorporated in the Anglo-American fleets, their surrender releases a great deal of British sea power for employment against the Japanese in the Bay of Bengal. Allied naval superiority is now overwhelming. A successful campaign in Burma is therefore brought materially closer to realization.

In the second place, the balance of European land power, already leaning toward the United Nations, is now tilted very decidedly in their favor. Italian troops, notoriously poor fighters, have previously been used in

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garrisons and to protect lines of supply, thus releasing Germans for active duty. Germany must now choose between weakening these garrisons and supply lines, which would play into Anglo-American hands, or weakening its front in Russia—a short cut to complete disaster. Mr. Churchill's estimate that Axis strength has been diminished 10 per cent may very well be accurate, but the importance of such a decrease is heightened by the fact that German military resources are now barely sufficient to stave off catastrophe.

Finally, the Italian surrender is a great blow to Axis prestige. All Europe shows the effect of it, though probably the German public has not yet grasped its full meaning. Neutrals like Sweden are becoming more courageous, and the satellite powers, especially Bulgaria and Finland, are uneasily attempting to find a not too disastrous method of reaching peace terms and escaping involvement in the expected German collapse.

Our recent gains in the Battle of Italy are also paving the way for offensives elsewhere. With the Mediterranean cleared for Allied shipping and new Italian and Sicilian bases at our disposal, a Balkan campaign becomes for the first time entirely practicable. The Italian surrender has opened Greece and the entire eastern coast of the Adriatic to attack and so effectively flanked the German position in the Balkans that Crete and the other Aegean islands which guarded against a thrust based on Alexandria are all but worthless. An invasion, if it is launched, will very probably come from another direction. At the same time the growing unrest in the satellite Balkan states and the reduction of garrisons there have created conditions highly favorable to an attacker. Should our leaders choose to strike here, they would of course face a hard problem in the civil divisions and local conflicts for which the Balkan states are celebrated, as well as in the difficulties of the terrain, but the war has repeatedly demonstrated that handicaps of this sort need not stop a skilled and determined invader.

Southern France looms as a second possible battlefield. The approach in this case could be made either by an amphibious force based on Corsica and Sardinia or by land armies advancing directly along the Mediterranean coast from the Italian Riviera. (The mountain route directly north is probably too difficult.) Both moves assume preliminary preparations, in the form of establishing nearby bases and bombing shore targets, which have not yet been made.

The greatest drawback to either of these offensives is not tactical but strategic. If undertaken after the thorough preparation which has characterized other Anglo-American moves they would be quite likely to succeed. The trouble is that success in neither area, nor indeed the complete conquest of Italy, would strike a blow at Germany in a vulnerable spot. With nothing but defeats for the past year Germany today is groggy and sagging at the knees. We can continue to punish it with land, sea, and air attacks before striking a final blow. But if we are to land the knockout punch, we must use a far greater proportion of our available land power in a better location than we have used it heretofore.

50 Years Ago in "The Nation"

THE ARGUMENT of all arguments which did best service in expelling the Republicans from power last year . . . was the danger and horror of letting them go on giving legislation to manufacturers in return for campaign contributions.—*October 5, 1893.*

M. ZOLA WAS RECEIVED with effusive enthusiasm in London, whither he went to read a paper on "Anonymity in the Press" before the Institute of Journalists. This was the more surprising inasmuch as, while she was embracing the writer, England was at the same time sending a publisher to jail for bringing out a translation of his works.—*October 12, 1893.*

IT IS FREELY ADMITTED by those who know anything of the subject that leprosy, which at one time was a widespread scourge in Europe, and which isolation rendered practically extinct there, is now advancing up the line of diseases, and in some parts of the world is a very serious plague. In Minnesota and Louisiana at home, and in New Brunswick on our borders, there are formidable groups of cases.—*October 12, 1893.*

IT IS DOUBTFUL if the power of any former Tammany boss has been as absolute as that which Croker is exercising at present. There is no concealment of the fact that he is selecting all the candidates for all the offices. He decides what Senators and Assemblymen shall be allowed to return to Albany, what men shall go on the ticket as delegates to the Constitutional Convention, who shall run for comptroller, district attorney, and the judgeships, and who shall be "turned down."—*October 19, 1893.*

SEVERAL PUBLIC EXECUTIONS in France have recently been attended with such scandals that interest is renewed in a proposed law to prohibit these demoralizing spectacles. . . . A curious and degrading feature of modern executions in France is the resort to them, besides the ordinary rabble, of decayed old roués and profligates, male and female, who go about in search of horrible sights to flog their jaded sensibilities into action. They cannot, perhaps, be shut out of their other favorite haunts, the morgues and mad-houses, but at least the state ought not to pander to their depravity by admitting them to public executions.—*October 26, 1893.*

BOOKS OF THE WEEK: Alger, Horatio, Jr., "In a New World; or, Across the Gold-Fields of Africa." . . . Sacher-Masoch, Léopold de, "Seraph: A Tale of Hungary."—*October 26, 1893.*

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Five Years of "Munich Peace"

BY EMILE BURE

SEPTEMBER 29 is the fifth anniversary of the signing of the Munich pact. By now the entire world is in agreement that for the French and British the pact was the greatest diplomatic defeat in modern history. But it was not an isolated defeat. It was the culmination of a series of shameful submissions that began in 1936 when German troops entered the demilitarized Rhineland and Mr. Chamberlain informed Sarraut, the French Premier, that he found it entirely natural for the Germans to reoccupy territory which they had been forced to cede that France might be secure. For him the Treaty of Versailles and the Locarno pact were scraps of paper. Hitler, who had already decided to violate them despite the opposition of the army leaders, took Chamberlain at his word. He was convinced that nonentities ruled in London and Paris, and Mussolini shared his conviction after meeting Pierre Laval at Rome and Stresa.

Before Laval met the Duce I went to see him at the Quai d'Orsay. "Do you at least agree with the Belgrade government's rejection of Italy's offer of an Italian-Yugoslav alliance which would be contingent on Yugoslavia's denunciation of its old treaty with France?" I asked. He smiled, then, shrugging his shoulders, said scornfully, "You political traditionalists annoy me to death. I'll use my common sense." When I saw him again on his return from Italy, he warned me clearly of the event which his visit had made inevitable. "You know," he said, "no one can stop Mussolini from invading Abyssinia." I knew then that he had given Mussolini a free hand to assassinate a nation friendly to the French people, one which had been admitted to the League of Nations at the demand of the Fascist government supported by the French representative. When Abyssinia was attacked, Laval was forced to ask for sanctions against the aggressor, but he maneuvered so well that the sanctions were never applied, and Mussolini was saved. Jules Romains in his "Sept mystères du monde" writes:

> In 1937 I spoke with S. E. Yotara Sugimura, Japanese ambassador to Rome. I put this question to him: "At the beginning of December, 1935, did Mussolini really believe that his game was up?" Weighing his words carefully, the ambassador replied, "Yes, there's no doubt about it. I was on very friendly terms with Mussolini and saw him frequently in that period. I can say categorically that he thought himself lost. In a box on his desk he kept a loaded revolver. He once showed it to me. He was ready to blow his brains out at any moment during those days."

In betraying Abyssinia, France betrayed itself. The Spanish War followed—and then came Munich. At Munich France and Britain sacrificed their national honor for the illusion of peace. Laval was no longer Premier, but he still exercised enormous power through his accomplices in the Daladier Cabinet. Georges Bonnet, Minister of Foreign affairs under Daladier, once solemnly affirmed in the presence of the American ambassador, William C. Bullitt, that his country would remain faithful to the Czech alliance, but those who saw him daily were not deceived by his lying protestations. He was continually pointing out that France was not prepared for war, but when I suggested that he urge the government to buy planes from the United States, he paid no attention. When Guy La Chambre, Minister of Aviation, ordered some Curtiss planes, friends of Bonnet and Flandin protested that the Curtiss models were worthless and that their purchase would deprive French airplane companies of legitimate profits. And besides, it was necessary to save the gold of the Bank of France! Bonnet was resolved to abandon Eastern Europe, and unfortunately Daladier, though he doubted the wisdom of such a policy, was too weak to oppose it.

The French press, already thoroughly corrupted by the agents of Hitler, Mussolini, Franco, and Bonnet, whipped on the defeatist elements in the government. The former Radical deputy, Joseph Barthélemy, a professor of law, received 50,000 francs from the secret funds of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs for telling the readers of the *Temps* that the Franco-Czech alliance had been invalidated by the violation of the Locarno pact. Flandin developed the same theme for the readers of the *Journal*. General Faucher, head of the French military mission in Prague, revealed that "certain French newspaper articles had scarcely appeared in Paris before they were reproduced in leaflet form and exploited to the limit by the German press and radio." "It looked to me," he said, "as if certain of these newspapers were outright agents for German propaganda."

The moral—or immoral—state of France on the eve of the Nazi invasion of Czechoslovakia, so glaringly revealed in Henry Torres's book, "La Machine infernale," is clear from a rereading of the French press of those days. The newspapers entered into a veritable contest to see which of them could most grossly attack President Benes, an ardent friend of France. "Why fight the Czechs' war?" asked Léon Daudet. "Why fight for the Jews?" echoed Charles Maurras. In *Je Suis Partout*

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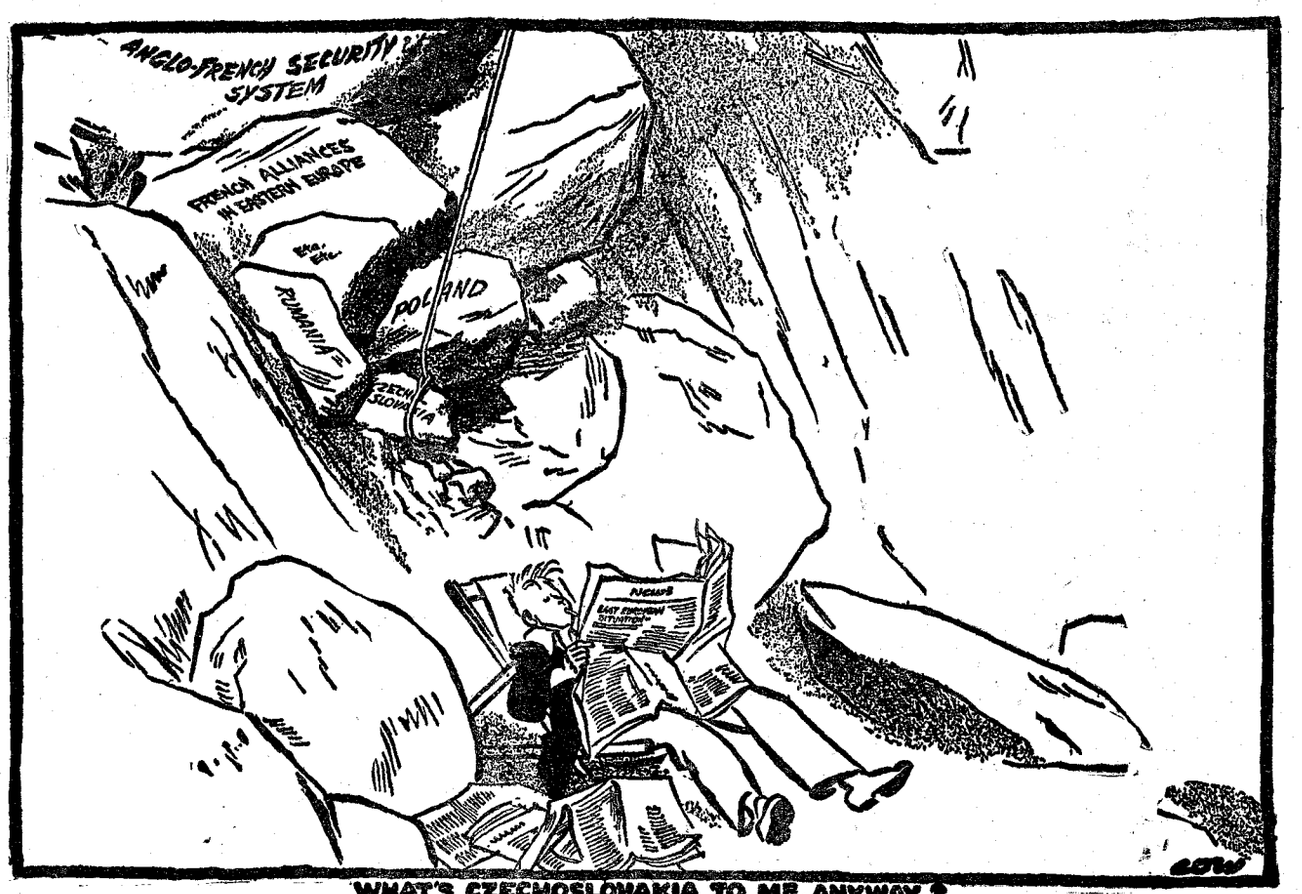
Robert Brassilach and Pierre Cousteau, disciples of the two directors of Action Française, went even farther: "Benes, that villainous wretch"—"that ignoble human excrement which goes by the name of Benes." Nor did they spare Mr. Roosevelt, whom Germany had good cause to fear. "Of all the idiots who have blossomed forth on the malodorous soil of the democracies, Franklin Roosevelt is probably the most perfect specimen, the newest model of his kind," wrote Pierre Cousteau. "He is of Jewish extraction, descended from a family named Roscampo which was driven out of Spain in 1620 and took refuge in Holland, where Roscampo became Rosenveld and finally Roosevelt," added his colleague Tracy.

I was not surprised therefore to learn one morning that Georges Bonnet, despite his promises to Osuski, the Czech minister to France, had informed President Benes that France would not fight for Czechoslovakia and that if his country resisted, the French government might even make common cause with the aggressor. Mussolini had won the hand. He dragged the representatives of England and France to Munich to be humiliated and blackmailed. Chamberlain, with his symbolic umbrella, returned to London certain that he had secured "peace in our time" and was received with acclamation. Daladier, a professor of history, had no such illusion and was afraid of being booed. When, instead, he was greeted with cheers, he muttered even as he acknowledged the applause, "What imbeciles!"

I watched the French people, so cruelly deceived by their own press, celebrating in the streets and then returned to my paper, utterly discouraged. "What sense is there in continuing the struggle?" I asked my colleagues. "Aside from *l'Humanité* [the Communist newspaper] there are no more than two anti-Munich papers in Paris—ours and Kerillis's *Epoque*. Léon Blum himself in the *Populaire* is savoring the shame of his pacifist satisfaction." "Boss," said one of the reporters, "you have no right to call quits, to let us down. Write your article. But be moderate, for it's true we are almost isolated." I wrote:

> I am too human not to have been touched yesterday by the joy of mothers who saw their sons return home and the horrors of war recede. I wish I were as convinced as they that the danger of war is over for good. But I would be lacking in intellectual honesty if I denied my anxiety about the Munich accord. . . . The *Drang nach Osten* will meet no more obstacles, and the last hope for peace will be found from now on in the good-will of Hitler and Mussolini, whose intentions I must be allowed to doubt.

The next day I got a grip on myself; I abandoned the sentimental note to lash out at Daladier, who remarked to one of my friends, "I'll have that fellow Buré



WHAT'S CZECHOSLOVAKIA TO ME, ANYWAY?

Reprinted from *The Nation* of September 24, 1938

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shot yet." What a strange period when one had to fight the government of one's country in order to oppose the enemies of one's country.

In the weeks that followed Munich the big Paris papers launched campaigns for contributions with which to buy gifts for Chamberlain. The Provost of Launay, president of the Municipal Council of Paris, invited the English Prime Minister to attend an extraordinary session of the council. On October 20, before the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, Daladier publicly celebrated the victory which he had brought back from the Bavarian capital. That evening the pact was acclaimed in the Chamber of Deputies. Outside the Communist bloc in the Chamber, only one deputy opposed a vote of confidence in the government. In the night clubs they danced the *Chamberlaine;* in the candy stores the boxes of chocolates were adorned with pictures of the English and French Premiers.

On December 6, 1938, the situation became serious again. Von Ribbentrop, the Reich Minister of Foreign Affairs, arrived in Paris to meet Georges Bonnet and prepare a Franco-German pact. The *Temps* of December 7 listed an imposing array of industrialists who attended the banquet at the German embassy. With customary German delicacy, ham from Prague was served—the two Jewish ministers, Jean Zay (Education) and Georges Mandel (Colonies), had not been invited. Madame Campinchi, wife of the Minister of the Navy, cast a slight shadow on the celebration by declining the invitation because of a previous engagement—with Madame Osuski, wife of the Czech minister.

Did Bonnet in these conversations with Ribbentrop give Germany carte blanche in the east? The German minister has declared that he did; the French minister denied it before the defeat of France, and admitted it afterward. In any case, on March 14, 1939, Hitler, as had been foreseen, decided to break the Munich pact and destroy Czechoslovakia. Summoning President Hacha of Czechoslovakia to Berchtesgaden, he informed him of his decision. "I give you one hour to sign the capitulation of your country," he said. Old Hacha broke down completely; when he recovered he cried, "I cannot—I cannot sign." "Very well," answered Hitler, "tomorrow our planes will reduce Prague to ashes; millions of women and children will die. And you will have killed them." Hacha yielded. Even before his arrival at Berchtesgaden German troops had occupied Moravstra Ostrava on the frontier. The next morning at nine o'clock they entered Prague.

The day after Munich I and several other friends of Czechoslovakia met in the small house in the rue des Beaux Arts which had been the cradle of Czechoslovak independence. Speaking over the radio, I said, "France is henceforth a captive. It will not be free until Czechoslovakia is free." I say that again today.

In the Wind

A SERIES OF SHORT MOVIES designed to stimulate recruiting for the WAC is offered as an advertising medium by its producers. These patriotic films "provide you with an unprecedented opportunity to put your company and product name in the line of march to victory. . . . Each subject closes with the sponsor's name and message impressively narrated against a musical background."

PAUL MALLON OFFERS this thought on social security: "The cure for unemployment is employment—not insurance."

AMONG THE NEW ORGANIZATIONS devoted to the cause of preventing future wars is one called Forever This; its prospectus begins, "This plan for perpetual peace is based upon mutual distrust. . . . We must come to the clear realization that any argument between nations had better resolve itself into twenty-five years of dissension than twenty-five minutes of war!"

WHERE CREDIT IS DUE: *Printers' Ink,* an advertising trade magazine, editorializes thus: "It will probably never be possible, not even after the war is over, to justly gauge the tremendous contributions to victory made by advertising. . . . But the average citizen will remember that it was what he read in an ad that made his Adam's apple swell until he just had to go out and buy a bond to prove he's glad to be an American."

THE FASCIST Sinarquist movement in Mexico is thus described in *Columbia,* a Catholic magazine published in the United States: "It is essentially a Catholic agrarian movement. Its object is to establish every family on its own land and provide an education for all. It aims at a 'Christian order,' a 'Christian democracy' based on the family. It intends to lift the peasant masses out of ignorance and practical serfdom, and it is unalterably opposed to totalitarianism in government."

THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKER at a recent meeting of the Staten Island, New York, Foremen's Association was Dr. Charles Copeland Smith, a representative of the National Association of Manufacturers. According to the Staten Island *Transcript,* "He said that foremen would lose their identity as part of management by becoming associated with labor organizations."

FESTUNG EUROPA: A tank trap one-third of a mile wide now cuts across The Hague from end to end. All buildings in the way were destroyed. . . . General Chatlos, commander of the Slovak army under the Nazis, has been bringing units of troops back from Russia and parading them in various towns of Slovakia to prove to the people that most of their boys survived.

[The $5 prize for the best item received in September goes to a correspondent in Rochester, New York, for the story of the cancelation of three weeks of "Little Orphan Annie." The item appeared in the issue of September 4.]

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Tito's Partisans

BY BOGDAN RADITSA

THE Allied invasion of Italy has sounded the alert throughout the Balkans. Under the vigorous leadership of General Tito, the Yugoslav Partisan forces of the People's Liberation Army have surged down the Adriatic coast from Gorica to Split, and the interior is flaming with revolutionary fervor. When the armies of the United Nations are ready to march through the Balkan gateway, they will find it open and the people ready for military action.

The pillars of the satellite system, in fact, are swaying. Bulgaria, the only puppet state which has not declared war on the U. S. S. R., will collapse at the first appearance of Allied soldiers at its borders. The Rumanian peasants, weary of a quisling collaborationist regime, will rise when they are given the signal. In "independent Croatia" Pavelich grows weaker. The German commander, von Horstenau, has taken control; his henchmen —the new Premier, Nikola Mandic, and the new Minister of War, General Navratil—struggle against the rising tide of rebellion.

Hitler's puppet in Serbia, General Nedich, has made two nervous visits to Hitler's headquarters in recent days. Hungary is making hasty arrangements to insure that it will not be forgotten in the future Balkan set-up. Turkey anxiously watches Soviet Russia and clings to its neutrality. The Greek guerrillas fight on, assured by their exiled king that after his return they may choose between monarchy and republic—they have already chosen.

Yugoslavia is composed of three nations—Croatia, Serbia, and Slovenia. Only in the measure that these three nations can form a social, political, and economic unit will Yugoslavia be able to participate advantageously in the post-war settlement. Under General Tito the three peoples have already united in one national movement of liberation. Two hundred and fifty thousand people—workmen, peasants, intelligentsia—have closed their ranks against the invader and thereby laid the foundation for real political unity.

The animating force of the People's Liberation Movement is the aspiration of the masses for social justice and political equality. In its manifesto the People's Movement announces as its aims and principles: (1) the liberation of the country from the occupation forces and the establishment of truly democratic rights and liberties for all peoples of Yugoslavia; (2) the inviolability of private property, with full opportunity for initiative in the economic field; (3) no radical changes to be introduced in the social structure, except that reactionary district administrations are to be replaced by others democratically elected; all social and administrative measures to be decided after the war by representatives freely elected by the people; (4) no violence or lawlessness to be tolerated; (5) full recognition of national rights for Croatia, Slovenia, and Serbia, the Macedonians, and others.

The organization's political head and the chairman of its Anti-Fascist Council is Dr. Ivan Ribar, former president of the Yugoslav Constituent Assembly. He is a small, tough democratic leader, with the open, sympathetic face of a Croatian peasant. The military leader is General Tito, whose real name is Josip Broz or Brozovich. Before the war he was a worker in the railroad machine shops in Zagreb. Reports from his headquarters describe him as energetic, clear-minded, decisive, audacious. He is not a military man by training, but his deep understanding of revolutionary movements has enabled him to bring about political and military cooperation among his followers. The puppet paper *Nova Hrvatska* does not underestimate his power. "When he came to Slunj," it said, "and appeared among the Partisans, they looked upon it as the greatest event. He enjoys great political influence among them." The German military command in Yugoslavia has offered a reward of 100,000 gold marks for information leading to his capture, dead or alive.

The Anti-Fascist Council which heads the movement has sixty-five members, forty-nine of whom are Serbs, nineteen Croats, and four Moslems. The Slovenes are represented by the leaders of the Slovene Liberation Front. The Executive Committee is made up of ten members under the presidency of Ivan Ribar. The organization operates everywhere—in the liberated areas publicly, as the civil administration; in occupied territory underground.

The military organization of the movement consists of the People's Army and the Partisan units. The first is composed of large units commanded directly from army headquarters. The smaller Partisan groups are scattered over the country, and although they receive instructions from headquarters, they operate individually. Their leaders are mostly former officers of the Yugoslav army or men who served in the Spanish War, where they learned a dynamic, disciplined strategy for guerrilla warfare against the Germans.

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On September 6 Dr. Ribar asked Allied headquarters in the Middle East for a status similar to that of the French Committee of National Liberation. Soon afterward the Middle East commander-in-chief, General Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, in a broadcast to Yugoslav and Greek guerrillas called upon them to facilitate the departure of Italian troops garrisoned in Greece, Albania, and Yugoslavia, and to avert a general uprising or any other movement which might "play the German game." Reports from Cairo say that high Allied officers are now at the headquarters of the Greek guerrillas, of General Mihailovich, and of the Yugoslav Partisans. The Stockholm newspaper *Aftontidningen* reports that Russian officers have arrived in Yugoslavia to assist the guerrillas, accompanied by political advisers who will seek to coordinate their activities with British and American plans. The Partisans have finally been recognized. Tito, however, has made it clear that Allied officers have not supplanted him in command.

According to other reports from Cairo, the Germans have now concentrated nearly 250,000 men in the Balkans, under the Balkan military expert Field Marshal Maximilian von Weichs. The German commandant in Zagreb, von Horstenau, has proclaimed the whole of Dalmatia and also Fiume—until now part of Fascist Italy—to be part of the puppet state of Croatia and has rushed German and Ustachi troops there. General Wilson recommended that the Partisan forces await further instructions from him, but they were impatient and have started large-scale operations along the whole of the Dalmatian coast and on the islands to resist the entrance of German troops. On September 9 the Free Yugoslavia radio announced that the "People's Liberation Army of Yugoslavia now controls areas of that country larger than the entire area of Switzerland." And a CBS correspondent in Switzerland has reported that the Yugoslav Partisans control almost the whole northern Adriatic coast, "constituting an enormous Balkan bridgehead for the forces of the United Nations."

On September 11 the BBC said that fighting had broken out in Split, the main Dalmatian port, when the Germans tried to disarm the Italian soldiers. In the ancient streets of the Dalmatian town the Italian Bergamo Brigade, changing its name to the Garibaldi Brigade, joined the Partisans. As soon as the Italian soldiers in Slovenia and Croatia learned of Italy's surrender, they began to fraternize with the Yugoslav patriots and volunteered to cooperate with them. On September 18 a proclamation was broadcast to the Italian soldiers:

> Since for more than two years the People's Liberation Army and guerrilla detachments of Yugoslavia have been fighting, together with Allied troops, against the German invaders . . . Italian officers and soldiers, we call upon you to surrender your armaments and stores to the People's Liberation Army and to join our men in resisting the German violators. Thereby you will hasten the defeat of the enemy of our peoples—sanguinary Hitlerite fascism. . . . Long live the alliance of the Italian and Yugoslav peoples in the struggle against their common enemy—Hitlerite Germany.

The People's Liberation Movement and its army today is a coalition of all democratic and progressive parties of Serbia, Croatia, and Slovenia—the Croatian Peasant Party, the Serbian Democratic Party, the Independent Democratic Party, and a small minority of Communists. It is a popular front composed of Slovenes, Croats, Serbs, Moslems, Catholics, Jews, and anti-fascists from all Southeastern Europe. It is trying to build a new Yugoslavia and a new Balkan order based on a commonwealth of free and equal nations.

Another element in the Yugoslav picture, in Serbia, where the Partisan movement has its roots, is General Mihailovich, Minister of War, to whom the Yugoslav government in exile has remained loyal and to whom the Partisans are strongly opposed. In order to understand Mihailovich's significance one should analyze objectively the background from which he derives.

Mihailovich is the last representative of the Chetnik warriors who during the nineteenth century fought to liberate Serbia from Turkish and Austrian rule. But he is also a product of still older Serbian traditions—those of the great medieval empire of King Dushan, during whose reign the Serbian Orthodox Church, after separating from Byzantium, identified itself with the state. The triangle of church, state, and military is symbolized by General Mihailovich and his political committee. All the old Serbian political parties, especially the Radical Serbian Party, are imbued with this ancient spirit—and that is understandable, for through it Serbia was lifted from the ashes and made free and independent.

This spirit is too static for today, when the Yugoslav people are fighting for a new and better world. The Liberation Movement is closer to the life which will emerge from this revolutionary war. The new, dynamic forces of the liberation movement look on Mihailovich and his committee as a purely military force, a sort of military dictatorship in which the state is inseparably bound up with the church, and which offers no basis for modern democracy.

The pitched battles which have taken place between Mihailovich's men and the Partisans in Yugoslavia show the tremendous chasm which exists between them. To bridge that chasm, the whole political and social structure of Serbia, of Yugoslavia, of the Balkans, and even of Europe as a whole, must undergo a complete change. Yugoslavia cannot accept the medieval conception of the state because it eliminates the possibility of union between the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, and condemns, a priori, any federalist solution for Balkan problems.

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If this war is not to lead Yugoslavia and all the Balkans to open revolution, the various elements within the country must come to an agreement. The Allies have already made efforts to help in that direction. But more is needed. It is imperative that Great Britain, the United States, and Russia arrive at a thorough understanding of the Balkan problem, and that they uphold the principles of democratic legitimacy which constitute the genuine, spontaneous expression of the people's will.

The poor and ill-equipped Balkan masses have been fighting valiantly, manifesting to the world their political maturity and moral strength. For centuries they have been betrayed by their own rulers and by foreign powers which have exploited them for their own imperialistic ambitions. Now they are finally approaching political and social liberation. They are inspired by a great ideal. They know what they are trying to create; they are conscious of the end of one world and the beginning of a new. No one will be able to use them as a tool. They are forging their own destiny.

Behind the Enemy Line

BY ARGUS

IN CONNECTION with the Salerno episode it may be useful to establish certain facts. The newspapers, it will be remembered, reported that the German radio was announcing a severe defeat for the Fifth Army, the beginning of its evacuation, a new Dunkirk. Then they told us that the Germans had "tuned down." And finally they rebuked the public for having been influenced by enemy propaganda.

Now it may be useful to know that such announcements were never made in Germany and never "tuned down." In no official communiqué, in no comment published by any German newspaper or broadcast by any German station, was there one word about a defeat of the Fifth Army, its reembarcation, a Dieppe, or Dunkirk, or Gallipoli. All announcements said that for the first time an Anglo-American landing in full force was being combated, and that a furious struggle was in progress. As has been the practice ever since Stalingrad, the greatest pains were taken to give the German people no news of victory which within a few hours might be proved false.

It was not the German radio but stations in the occupied countries that gave out the Dunkirk story—Radio Paris and others. And that is quite another thing. For it is notorious that German propaganda in the occupied regions is bound by very different rules from those it observes in Germany. For some inexplicable reason it indulges outside the Reich in the most careless fantasies. Why the American and English news gatherers pay so much attention to Radio Vichy, Radio Paris, and the others is not clear. Those stations are entirely dependent on Berlin for information. Their broadcasts are either the same as those from Germany, in which case there is no need to listen to Vichy or Paris, or they contain news which, like the Dunkirk story, is not broadcast in Germany, thus showing it is not of the quality that Goebbels wishes to set before his people. When anything so dubious is repeated here, there should at least be a note saying that it is a German representation which is kept from the Germans themselves.

The course of events has made the terms of the armistice between Eisenhower and Badoglio fairly unimportant. But not in Germany. On the contrary, Goebbels is using them as one of his principal themes. Though the document has never been published by its signatories, the Germans claim to know its contents. They have disclosed what they allege to be its "thirteen points" and choose to call them "the most shameful degradation, the most pitiless enslavement, ever known in the history of the world." In short, the armistice shows how a people fares when in the hour of peril it is deprived of its great leader! As Goebbels expressed it on September 17 in his weekly article:

> The Italian example will not attract us Germans but rather scare us off from anything similar. We look on it as a school exercise in how things may not be done. The consequences that followed the betrayal of a great leader of the people by the Roman clique around the king are for Germans a lesson and a warning. They have opened the eyes of the most stupid and most frivolous. In the flood of letters we have received in the past days are some whose writers offer a repentent apology for having given way to discouragement at the time of this or that calamity. A university professor wrote us that though he is a peaceable man, after he had read of the conditions of surrender imposed on the Italians he took a solemn vow to beat up with his own hands anyone who even by intimation ranged himself against victory. So think all people in Germany today.

Fortunately there can be found in Germany, so Goebbels says, no parallel to the "perfidious Italian gang who misused their high offices in obedience to that false cleverness which seeks to evade danger and just because of that perishes." And fortunately Germany is a republic. There is no "degenerate court society" to overthrow a great leader "because it has the blind delusion it can get along without him." And there is no king:

> If one would blame *Fascismus* at all, it is for having believed in the loyalty of a king whose throne was saved by the March on Rome in 1922 but who like most kings in recent history rewarded the strong political line of his faithful servant by betraying him and going over to the enemy. Kings are not usually distinguished by the virtue of gratitude. Wilhelm I, whose faithfulness to Bismarck made him an exception to the rule, was for that reason called Wilhelm der Grosse.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

Here Is China

BATTLE HYMN OF CHINA. By Agnes Smedley. Alfred A. Knopf. $3.50.

WHAT to praise most in this deeply passionate and sincere book I do not know. There have been other sincere books that have purported to deal with China's struggle; yet looking back on them one sees that sincerity can be exercised about abstractions and their shadows. Beside the sense of reality, beside the utter nakedness of the land and the people described in "Battle Hymn of China," all but one even of the novels on China merely smoke a little as they fade out. (I except only "Man's Fate," which still remains brilliant, with the false discoloring brilliance of fluorescent lighting.) And, to compare it with another fine work of reportage, in sheer informativeness Miss Smedley's book exceeds even Edgar Snow's still invaluable "Red Star Over China." For it is an army forming itself in campaign which the author describes in the superb eyewitness chapters of her Sixth Book. Having read "Battle Hymn" one dismisses with an incredulous shout all the stuff that the "Far Eastern experts," including most of those writing in liberal magazines, are handing out about China's future. Listen, the diseased dragon of China's past is spewing green poison over the face of her dying present! It is, indeed, a tragic book, a powerful, heart-breaking book Miss Smedley has written, and yet a glorious courage and revolutionary determination burn through even its starkest pages.

I had taken voluminous notes in preparation for this review. They had to do with such matters as the evolution of the "new" woman, the Sianfu incident, Western appeasement, and the one lonely mention of an old classical poem. The silk-working girls of the south are notorious throughout China as Lesbians. Why have they been given this name? Miss Smedley obtained permission to travel up-river on one of the steamers of the Canton Silk Guild. She was accompanied on much of her months-long trip by a young whippersnapper of a silk expert who revered the fat-chopped merchants of the Guild. The girls jeered at him as they sat around the steaming vats, amid the stench of cocoons, their parboiled fingers twinkling as they worked with incredible speed. They were Communists, he said, and they had certainly gained the ten-hour day by means of a strike. They scorned marriage, the little man said—as one whose contribution to womanly happiness had been refused. If these "Lesbian" girls were forcibly married off by their parents, then the girls often used a part of their wages to bribe their husbands to take a concubine. And in truth the government had just issued a decree forbidding this disrespectful practice. "They're too rich, that's the root of the trouble," the silk expert said. "They earn as much as eleven dollars a month and become proud and contemptuous." In short, they reject Confucius and they have found a way to escape the intolerable degradation of the old-time marriage.

Then the Sianfu incident. Miss Smedley was in the City of Western Peace at the time. Chiang Kai-shek was captured on a mountainside in his nightshirt and carried pickaback into captivity to spare his bruised feet. Old-time chivalry and the interests of the struggle against Japan—which Chiang at that time refused to undertake—caused his captor, Marshal Chang, to release him. Whereupon Chiang threw his unusually generous captor into prison, where to the bitter resentment of all Manchurian patriots he still lies. Then about appeasement. Until Pearl Harbor the International Red Cross committees which controlled the distribution of all foreign aid would supply no drugs to the Chinese army. That would have been contrary to some devilishly respectable law or other, even though the Chinese soldiers may have been wounded by war materials sold to Japan, quite licitly, by American capitalists.

But most of these themes had to be put aside because as I write on this morning of September 8 the newspapers report that in Shantung the Communists have scandalously revolted against the Kuomintang and have made war against its Peace Preservation Corps in that region. Now any man in his senses who had the least knowledge of Chiang's past and the Kuomintang's social content would be suspicious of an outfit with a name like Peace Preservation Corps. Considering that China is at war with Japan and that Shantung is held chiefly by guerrillas organized by the Communists, one would take such a name to mean that the corps was an anti-Communist political police. And not merely anti-Communist but anti-democratic also. As long as Chungking considers such a movement as the National Salvation League dangerous, as long as it permits no trade unions to be organized and forbids and persecutes the popular anti-Japan committees and seeks to lay its dead hand on the industrial cooperatives—which were originally financed with British, not Russian money—as long, I say, as bureaucracy and corruption and sheer medievalism cramp the Chinese people's effort, it is to be expected that the Kuomintang will fear the popular guerrillas.

But it so happens that Miss Smedley gives an abundance of facts on the "suspended civil war." She spent many, many months with the Fourth Army, she took part in its political troubles, in which, she says, she nearly broke her political neck. She was, with others, responsible for the fact that this Communist fighting force came to possess the first regular military medical service, despite the stubborn opposition of its Communist commissar, Hsiang Ying. Everything she writes about the Fourth Army rings as true as a silver dollar. There were troubles in that body. Chiang, or his Minister of War, took care to insure that by appointing an ex-party member, Yeh Ting, as its commander. Hsiang Ying, whose enemies said of him that "intrigue and craftiness had become part of his nature," notwithstanding his suspicion of the new doctors, did more than conspire against his chief. He built the most effective and intellectually enlightened force in the enemy rear. Compare the Fourth with the opium-smuggling anti-Communist Fiftieth next door and you begin to believe

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that in China the honest man is left with no real political alternative. And, the author insists, the Fiftieth itself was an army in transition. There were far worse than this in the field.

But there it is. The Fourth was a fine fighting corps, but Chungking had not supplied wages, arms, or ammunition for three years! It lived and fought on materials stolen from the enemy. And its most implacable enemies were the saboteurs in office. Nor did official opposition stop at sabotage. On one occasion in 1940 a Chungking army surrounded and massacred three to four thousand of the Fourth Army guerrillas, hospitalized wounded and unwounded alike. The reason? It goes right to the heart of the contemporary problem, the problem not merely of China but of the entire world. The Chinese guerrillas persist in making contact with the people. They need to do this, for as Chu Teh said long ago, a partisan force must move among the people "as a fish swims in water." That is the inescapable logic of guerrilla warfare, just as contact with the French people should be the logic of our effort, and is not. Since the guerrilla forces are cut off from draft recruiting, they must recruit for themselves. Quite naturally they grow. Chungking, having tried to fix the strength of the Communist armies, objects to their growth. Hence it will neither arm nor nourish them. Fearing the future influence of the Communists, Chungking prefers to sabotage the war against Japan.

Like this reviewer you may have seen something of war and revolution. Nevertheless, a new gravity and a new clarity will possess your mind, I believe, as you read this Battle Hymn. China is dying because its decayed landlord culture desperately needs the revolution now suspended. There is no other route, no liberal way, for there is no genuine liberal movement. There are revolution and reaction and between them a few weak tendencies and a handful of noble and lonely individuals.

To have done with all the piff and the paff of propriety, reaction is now in power. Miss Smedley herself may protest, but her book moved me to an indignation that gave me more encouragement than any book has done for a long time now. The fighting multitudes of China were dying of misery, of untended wounds, when Miss Smedley served at the front. There were only a few hundred doctors in the Chinese army. Why? The old tradition was that educated men were not to be drafted, and doctors were educated men. Chungking therefore allowed them to nurse their private practices, while a few heroic volunteers sank under the avalanche of work at the front. Nor was it merely a matter of the rich and the corrupt. The tradition also stands hard against new things. There were no skeletons for the use of medical lecturers. Chungking and popular superstition would not allow their use, for the disembodied spirits might never find rest. So Dr. Gung and Dr. Chang, while the radio played Beethoven's Fifth, planned competitive graveyard raids. Dr. Chang, a woman, eventually came back with a sack of bones. Her remark will put you down among those far-off hills of China, "She was from my native town of Wusih and she died of tuberculosis," Dr. Chang said of the bones. "I could tell because the body had been wrapped and the orifices stuffed with silk wool. The people of Wusih think this prevents the disease from escaping."

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Italy has just surrendered, and like everyone else I want to go out and celebrate joyfully. Yet the force of this book keeps my imagination in China. And that is the function of a book. How rare are those which fulfil their functions one-tenth as well as "Battle Hymn of China." RALPH BATES

Captain Rhodes and Others

SWORD OF BONE. By Captain Anthony Rhodes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

LOG BOOK. By Frank Laskier. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25.

THE LADY AND THE TIGERS. By Olga S. Greenlaw. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

ONLY the British seem to produce such shrewd, lovable, incredible people as those who appear in "Sword of Bone"; and not the least of these fabulous people is the author himself. Captain Rhodes went through the entire British fiasco in France—into the "phony war" of 1939 and out through the definitely non-phony Dunkirk. At no time did he care for war, nor did his pals. They did not have the instincts of world conquerors; they were more interested in requisitioning (stealing) a bottle of champagne from a French cellar. Throughout the whole horror of the calamitous campaign Captain Rhodes kept a humorous, urbanely observant eye on the behavior of himself and those about him.

He was on the beach at Dunkirk, along with thousands of helpless men dotting the shore as far as the eye could see. They pawed holes in the sand, like children at play, seeking futile shelter against the Stukas that roared just above, bombing and machine-gunning them. "Once again," writes Captain Rhodes, "I felt that had our minds not been clouded with petty doubts and fears, it would have been a most exhilarating performance." Those "doubts and fears"—who else could have called them "petty"?

No world-shaking revelations are in this book; from a news point of view it is an old story. Yet it is a wholly fresh story because it is the mental history of a man who loathed war, who loved life in a highly civilized way, and who still was a good soldier and kept his head in the midst of unimaginable terror. People say England always wins the last battle; men like Captain Rhodes are the reason why. People might add that it is a pleasure to live in the world with England after the last battle is over. Again, men like Captain Rhodes are the reason why. Certainly this soldier-author is a pleasure to read.

Frank Laskier is an utterly different sort of Englishman, a life-long merchant seaman who survived three sinkings in the Atlantic and suffered the loss of a leg. "Log Book" is his brief account of the life of a supposedly mythical merchant seaman named Jack whose career apparently paralleled Laskier's in many respects. Jack, like the author, went to sea when he was fifteen. Jack progressed from a cocky, maladjusted boy into a drunkard, a fighting bully, and a thief who served two years in prison. He kept returning to the sea, because that was all he could do. His heart was still full of bitterness when war came, but he didn't shirk the perils of the Atlantic. "I and the rest of the bad boys . . . we'll

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Must we abandon the "Century of the Common Man" for an

American Empire in Asia?

What are we going to do about Japan after we beat her? How close will we stay to Australia, to Russia, to China? What, too, of India and the Near East, and of all the colonies, in the post-war world? Here, hard questions are given hard-headed answers by a leading expert on world affairs

ALBERT VITON

"Packed with important information, written with poise and judgment, and argued with sagacity."—Hallet Abend, *Book-of-the-Month Club News.* $3.00

JOHN DAY

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fight your war for you. We'll win it. But, my God, there'll be some interesting little ceremonies afterward. We'll win the peace."

The unlovely story of this supposedly mythical seaman is told in staccato fashion, with great economy of words and with considerable power. For more than a year now the author has been talking to workmen in shipyards and munitions factories. In that role he no doubt casts the same sort of spell over his audience as did reformed sinners in America who went on evangelistic circuits. Perhaps he himself derives some of the same psychological satisfactions.

On the other side of the world Olga Greenlaw was in the midst of the aerial fighting over China. She was the wife of one of the American Volunteer Group pilots, the only woman among the Flying Tigers. To her the war was just a big adventure, and she is amusingly chatty about it. One of the high points in her lusty story is her not too charitable account of the visit of Clare Boothe Luce to Kunming. Mrs. Luce breezed in and immediately mistook Mrs. Greenlaw—daughter of a Kansas mining engineer—for a Russian adventuress. Mrs. Luce was corrected. Mrs. Luce introduced herself as the noted playwright and part-owner of famous magazines in America. "It had been some time," says Mrs. Greenlaw, "since any of us had worried about theaters or even magazines." Finally Mrs. Luce went away without saying either thank-you or goodby, and subsequently wrote about Mrs. Greenlaw as a White Russian.

MARCUS DUFFIELD

Fiction in Review

IN HER latest collection of short stories, "The Wide Net" (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50), Eudora Welty has developed her technical virtuosity to the point where it outweighs the uses to which it is put, and her vision of horror to the point of nightmare. Of course even in her earlier work Miss Welty had a strong tendency toward stylism and "fine" writing; she liked to move toward the mythical, and she had a heart for decay and an eye for the Gothic in detail. But she also had a reliable and healthy wit, her dialogue could be as normally reportorial of its world as the dialogue of Ring Lardner, and for the most part she knew how to keep performance subservient to communication; she told her story instead of dancing it, and when she saw horror, it could be the clear day-to-day horror of actual life, not only the horror of dreams. There was plenty of surrealist paraphernalia, if you will, in a story like The Petrified Man—the falling hair of the customer, the presence of the three-year-old boy amid the bobbie-pins and sexual confidences of the beauty parlor, the twins in a bottle at the freak show, or even the petrified man himself. But compare to The Petrified Man the story Asphodel from Miss Welty's current volume, with its Doric columns and floating muslins, its pomegranate stains and blackberry cordial and its "old goats and young," and you will recognize the fancy road up which Miss Welty has turned her great talents.

The title story of Miss Welty's new volume is its best story but not typical. An account of a river-dragging party which starts out to recover the body of a supposed suicide but forgets its mission in the joys of the occasion, The Wide Net has its share of the elements of a tour de force, but it has more communicated meaning than the rest of the stories in the book, and it best fuses content and method. Of the six other stories Livvie is the only one which I like at all, and the only story, in addition to The Wide Net, which I feel I understood. Yet the volume as a whole has tremendous emotional impact, despite its obscurity. However, this seems to me to be beside the point, for the fear that a story or a picture engenders is likely to be in inverse proportion to its rational content: witness the drawings of children or psychotics, or most of surrealist art; and Miss Welty employs to good effect the whole manual of ghostliness—wind and storm, ruined buildings, cloaks, horses' hooves on a lonely highway, fire and moonlight and people who live and ride alone. But the evocation of the mood of horror or of a dreamlike atmosphere has become an end in itself, and if, for each story, there is a point of departure in narrative, so that I can report, for instance, that First Love is about a deaf-and-dumb boy who falls in love with Aaron Burr, or that Asphodel is about a tyrannical half-mad Southern gentlewoman, or that A Still Moment is a legend of Audubon, still the stories themselves stay with their narrative no more than a dance, say, stays with its argument. This, indeed, is the nature of "The Wide Net": it is a book of ballets, not of stories; even the title piece is a *pastorale macabre*.

Now I happen to think that to make a ballet out of words is a perversion of their best function, and I dislike—because it breeds exhibitionism and insincerity—the attitude toward narrative which allows an author to sacrifice the precise meaning of language to its rhythms and patterns. The word sincerity has lost caste in the criticism of serious writing, I know. But this seems to me unfortunate. We live in a very crafty literary period in which what aims to be art but is only artful is too often mistaken for the real thing. When an author says "Look at me" instead of "Look at it," there is insincerity, as I see it. The test of sincerity is wasted in the sphere of popular art, where criticism has sent it; most popular art is nothing if not sincere, and where it is not, it is usually because it is aping the manners of its betters. In these new stories Miss Welty's prose constantly calls attention to herself and away from her object. When she writes, ". . . Jenny sat there . . . in the posture of a child who is appalled at the stillness and unsurrender of the still and unsurrendering world," or "He walked alone, slowly through the silence, with the sturdy and yet dreamlike walk of the orphan," she is not only being falsely poetic, she is being untrue. How does the walk of an orphan differ in its sturdiness and in its dream quality from the walk of a child with two parents? How would you even explain "unsurrender" to a child, and wouldn't a child be appalled precisely by the *surrender* of the world, if the concept could reach him? This is the sin of pride—this self-conscious contriving—endemic to a whole generation of writers since Katherine Mansfield and most especially to the women of that generation.

Somewhere between Chekhov and Katherine Mansfield the short story certainly went off its trolley. I think it is Miss Mansfield who must be held responsible for the extreme infusion of subjectivism and private sensibility into the short fiction of our day. In Miss Welty's case the sub-

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jectivism takes the form, as I say, of calling attention to herself by fine writing; in stories for a magazine like the *New Yorker*, which happily has no taste for fine writing, the form it takes is rather more subtle—the calling of attention to oneself for one's fine moral perceptions. This is a point I shall develop next week in discussing several other current collections of short stories, including those of Sylvia Townsend Warner.

I have spoken of the ballet quality of Miss Welty's stories: in this connection I am reminded of the painter Dali and—via Dali—of the relationship between the chic modern department store and much of modern fiction. (One day I should like, in fact, to trace what I see to be the direct line of descent from Miss Mansfield to Bonwit Teller.) Although the suspicion intrudes itself that Dali works with his tongue in his cheek, Miss Welty's dedication is of course unquestionable: this should be said at once. Still, the resemblance in performance and the subtle cultural kinship between the two is striking. Both Dali and Miss Welty are mythologists and creators of legend, both take their metaphor from dreams, and yet both are devoted naturalists; and each has a mother-country—Dali, Spain; Miss Welty, the Natchez country—whose atmosphere and superstition permeate his work and whose confines are determining beyond the power of travel or maturer experience to enlarge them. Rather more suggestive, however, than these similarities is their common service to what amounts to a myth of modern femininity.

For if it seemed a strange day for both art and commercialism when Bonwit Teller engaged Dali to do its windows, actually it was not so revolutionary as it looked. In the making of modern myths, the American department store has been at least abreast of the American artist. The chic department-store mannequin is surely one of the great metaphors of our time; the displays of merchandise one of the great abstractions, based upon naturalism, of our art. But more fundamental, we recall the slogan created a few years ago by Bonwit Teller, "Have you that cherished look?" and we realize that it was the department store which stated most unmistakably (so unmistakably, indeed, that the slogan was dropped) the modern woman's dream of herself. Here in all its economic nakedness is the narcissism which is so widely supported in current female writing, including Miss Welty's. This mythologizing of the feminine self, whether by means of clothes or prose, is as far from femininity as from feminism.

There is now running in the magazines an advertisement for a Schiaparelli product, "Shocking Radiance," the illustration painted by Dali. "Shocking Radiance," it appears, is four oils—for the body, the face, the eyelids, and the lips—and to promote its sale Dali has painted a Venus rising from her shell, attended by a trio of sprites, one of whom pours a libation on her breast, while another holds before her the mirror of her self-regard. Even at the risk of satirizing Miss Welty's stories, I suggest a study of this Schiaparelli-Dali advertisement to see the *reductio ad absurdum* of the elements in Miss Welty's latest work which have no place in such a serious and greatly endowed writer.

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Advertisers are hereby notified that space reservations for this literary issue must be placed not later than October 4, and that final copy OK's are required by Friday, October 8.

Advertising Department

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DRAMA

FOR some time now Broadway has been going through all the motions of beginning a new season, but so far the score, in terms of quality, must be set down as no hits, no runs, and a series of egregious errors. "The Army Play-by-Play," which made the best showing, really doesn't count because it was scheduled for only two weeks. Neither do the revivals of such operettas as "Blossom Time" and "The Merry Widow," which I haven't seen but which are, I gather, adequate but not inspiring exercises in resuscitation. "The music is nice, of course." As for the revivals of vaudeville—this is beginning to sound like the annual report of a life-saving station—one, "Bright Lights," died immediately, and if Frank Fay can keep "Laugh Time" going it will be due to that production's rather shopworn reflection of the glory that was vaudeville, its large infusion of the spirit of radio, and the attitude of the theater audience, which has reached a new high in numbers and what seems to me a new level in toleration. Of this more later.

The only new "legitimate" plays now current are "The Two Mrs. Carrolls," which I have mentioned before, Elmer Rice's "A New Life" (Royale Theater), and "Land of Fame" (Belasco Theater). The Rice play, which is supposed to be serious, is difficult to discuss seriously. It is the Grand Hotel sort of thing which Mr. Rice has done before, only this time it is a grand hospital. Mr. Rice knows how to keep a play moving, and the hospital background is expertly reproduced, even to the bawling of newborn infants, which is authentic. Betty Field, who is very decorative and takes her acting seriously, manages to carry off her part as the young mother with dignity despite rather terrible odds. For, as everybody knows, she is called upon to simulate the throes of childbirth in public, and Mr. Rice has not hesitated to pepper her delivery-room monologue with remarks at which the audience is supposed to laugh—and does. The scene must be set down as sheer and pretty low-cost exploitation. Quite aside from any question of taste, the natural functions, in my perhaps old-fashioned opinion, do not qualify as dramatic material, but, again, the audience seemed to have no objection. The cast as a whole is well chosen except for the husband, who is conventionally handsome and looks like a wooden doll made up by Max Factor. I kept wondering what she saw in *him*. The radical who knows what it's all about and expresses his point of view in the most simple-minded left-wing terms is uncannily well represented by a young man who might have just come from a fraction meeting. My favorite character—his lines were few—was the old trouper played by a genuine old trouper, Walter Greaza. The only really good scene in the play is the quarrel between husband and wife. "A New Life," even as theater, strikes a low tone, and its social comment, as I have already indicated, is not worth comment. "Land of Fame," which deals with Greek resistance to the Nazis, is surely well meant; but it is so shallow and stagy and amateurish a representation of the deep and continuing agony of Europe that I had to leave after the first act.

Broadway, then, presents a rather sad spectacle at this moment. I second the remark of a talent scout who saw "Othello" in New Haven. "It's a delight," he told *Variety*, "to see Shakespeare for a change after wading through what's on Broadway."

Yet the Rice play and the Bergner revival are drawing good houses—it is too early to tell about "Land of Fame"—and "Laugh Time" is going strong. Which brings me back to the audiences that keep such productions alive. War prosperity has increased their numbers. The increase has coincided with an acute war-time shortage of good scripts, and most people seeking an evening's entertainment would rather go to a mediocre play than to no play at all. But that doesn't quite account for the apparent attitude of audiences. That attitude is one of passivity amounting to apathy punctuated by indulgent applause at the most feeble attempts at humor or dramatic effect, as if the mere intention were enough. Watching them, I can hardly believe that any play was ever, in the good old phrase, hissed off the stage.

My private theory, which may be wrong, is that the radio audience has finally swamped the theater audience. The radio audience has been conditioned over a period of years to accept, partly by default, bit-by-bit entertainment from which it expects no more than an occasional laugh or titillation and which absorbs only part of its attention. The movie audience is noted for its passivity, but the radio makes far fewer demands than the film.

What effect this extreme toleration will have on the theater I don't profess to know. So far I doubt whether any good plays have gone unwritten or unproduced because the public seems to be satisfied with mediocre ones; but certainly mediocre ones will go on being staged if there is a market for them. This is not a happy prospect; but perhaps the next curtain going up will dispel it.

MARGARET MARSHALL

ART

Feeble War Art

PAINTERS, like writers, have been accompanying the troops as war correspondents. Recently 150 of their "reports" have been exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum, and now these works are to be sent out on a cross-country tour lasting well into 1944. After that the pictures—which were first commissioned by *Life* magazine—will be donated to the United States government, probably to become part of some permanent war memorial yet to be erected.

The show includes ten painters, of whom Tom Lea is the most ambitious. Lea attempted a lengthy sequence on the last day of the aircraft-carrier Hornet: anxious patrols, bombs ripping decks, water gushing into the hold, survivors dropping off the sides. A great assignment it was, but the result is puny. For Mr. Lea never was moved by this catastrophe. He meticulously finished his silverpoints and polished his canvases—conversing, as it were, in a monotone. Yet he is more impressive than Peter Hurd. Mr. Hurd took a lot of varnish to say that English skies were filled with aircraft, that gunners or pilots sat rigid in their planes, that old castles looked pretty on the greensward. But the tension, fire, and staunchness of the combat are missing. Perhaps they were covered by the varnish. Paul Sample was more sparing with his water-color wash—so sparing, indeed, that his flying fields, camp cooks, and religious services have the aspect of a rather depleted vitality. Edward Laning confected troop trains that slip from the tracks because of their poor drawing. And the color is ashen. Aaron Bohrod's "Idle Hour Park," though populated by soldiers, has more the carnival than the martial note. Fletcher Martin tried very hard, in "Service Club," "Bizerte Ruins," and "Hill No. 609" to say something about the war. A lesson in composition is the only result.

More acceptable, perhaps because more animated, are the water-color

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"notes" of Barse Miller. Soldiers on guard at tunnels, young chaps lugging up their duffle bags, New Year's Eve in a barracks—these do convey some flicker of spontaneity. Mr. Miller is not adept in his medium, but sometimes he grasps for the lively anecdote and almost gets it. Lieutenant Commander Anton Otto Fischer, well-known illustrator for the *Saturday Evening Post,* did three more of his customary marine depictions. They have knowledgeability. And Floyd Davis, another successful illustrator, actually laughed and had a satiric moment or two. His tumbling scene in a USO canteen is almost mad enough to be good, and he seldom fails to suggest a direct *ocular* experience. This was the limitation of almost all the others: they too often gave the impression that they had worked from photographs, in effect, merely tinting them. Such pains are useless, for the camera does better at recording. Hence, too, the general lack of emotion in these reports. They convey little, all too little, of war's calamity, grief, heroism, humor, depth, and generosity. Generally they are cold, noncommittal, dead. If that is good reporting, let us have newsreels.

Why such works should get the support of our museums is still more difficult to explain. Certainly they have nothing to do with art. Nor can it be said that war breaks and severs all art. Constantin Guys long ago, in the Crimean fighting, greatly surpassed these feeble recorders. Our own Winslow Homer sent back many a live, vivid report from the Wilderness campaign. Even Frederick Remington dashed and shouted as he depicted the troops in Cuba. War has produced capable delineators in the past—why not today? And why don't the museums seek them out? JEROME MELLQUIST

RECORDS

COLUMBIA has issued, for September, Serkin's performance of Beethoven's Piano Sonata Opus 27 No. 2 (commonly referred to as the "Moonlight"), which was recorded here (Set X-237, $2.50); and the performance of Weber's Konzertstück for piano and orchestra by Casadesus and an orchestra under Bigot, which was recorded abroad and issued here a number of years ago, and which is now featured as Columbia's record classic of the month (Set X-59, $2.50).

I have the impression that if I heard Serkin's performance of the sonata in a concert hall I would find it well conceived as a whole, though I would be disturbed by occasional crudities of inflection and sentimental retardations and bumpy unevennesses of touch in the first movement. I have to put it in this tentative way because I have to judge by what comes off the records; and the upper range of the recording is so limited or weak that many high sounds in the music are not reproduced at all, while the lower sounds that are reproduced are dull, muffled, and clouded and confused by noise, grit, and—on side three—rattling vibration. With some recordings the defects revealed by wide-range machines have been concealed by limited-range machines; but I have tried this one on everything and found no machine poor enough to make it sound good.

One of the machines I tried it on is in the home of a friend—an editor of a mass-circulation magazine—who exclaimed: "A record company may think it's smart to sell a recording like that if people are willing to buy it; but it's stupid. Someone buys it; and he knows that what he hears must be good because it's Beethoven—the "Moonlight" Sonata — Serkin — Columbia; but he knows also that what he hears is something he doesn't enjoy. All right—it's good music, and good music is not for him; and a potential buyer of records of Beethoven has been destroyed. Multiply him by thousands; and that recording has done enormous damage to the record business and the cause of good music." (If Columbia thinks this is one of the stories that journalists invent to make their points it may have my friend's name.)

Weber's Konzertstück is a virtuoso display piece, but one with passages of delicate charm and loveliness; and Casadesus plays it with brilliance, grace, and finish. But the set is a poor choice for this particular month, since the old foreign recording reproduces the sound of the piano with brightness and clarity and cleanness and quiet background that show up the defects of Columbia's own recording of the Serkin performance. Even the surfaces are quieter, though the records were pressed from the same material and by the same machines as the Serkin records—indicating that the processing of the recording itself had been done better.

A California reader who recently heard all of Beethoven's quartets played by the Budapest Quartet at Mills College writes that "it has been the major musical experiences of our lives," and continues with some interesting observations. For one thing, though she can report that one person stood up most of two hundred miles in crowded trains to hear the performances, she is shocked by the fact that so many who profess to be music-lovers did not attend the concerts; and "while I am not sufficiently naive to suppose that one finds many music-lovers on the music faculties of universities, I was nevertheless surprised to see only one member of the music department here at Berkeley [i. e., the University of California] at only one concert." Then, the reassembled London String Quartet also gave a series of concerts at the University of California, of which the first was "a very sorry affair. . . . I realize that they have not been playing together steadily, and that this makes a great difference, but it is hard to excuse an almost complete lack of unity and two downright sour entrances by Primrose. By the third concert they were in much better form and had much of the style and subtlety that we remembered. I mention this only because I was surprised to notice that the audience went quite wild with applause, forcing one to the conclusion that there is nothing compelling a musician to try to give a good performance except his own integrity, and this must make for a certain cynicism on the part of performers.

"It makes for sadness, rather than cynicism, on the part of the listener, because we, and the composer too, are at the mercy of the performer. This is what is so particularly wonderful about the Budapest—they are such a perfect medium between ourselves and Beethoven. . . . What Beethoven thought and wrote, what the Budapest reads and plays, what conception they have of what conception Beethoven had, what sounds reach us, how amazingly all these unite to bring us the music at last." And feeling presumptuous for saying anything about the musicianship of the Budapest group she adds: "But when I read the local reviews and see the rave notices about the Budapest, and the identical phrases used the next day to describe a mediocre performance by the London, I feel that someone must come out flatly, if not in print, at least in typescript, and say once and for all that there is no other musical organization approaching the Budapest Quartet in any way at all."

I've said that in print; and I say it again. B. H. HAGGIN

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Letters to the Editors

"Music of the Spheres"

Dear Sirs: Last night, while we were listening to the news that Taormina had been taken, the air was filled with an immense, deep vibration. Sometimes I have thought of Goethe's "music of the spheres," but in a pleasant sense. The vibration with its deep low note seemed to fill the room and grip you, as if it were an uncontrollable muscle of gigantic size or an electric current which rendered you powerless. I went out into our little back garden, which contains no more than an acacia tree and, usually, along the wall, a frieze of cats, and which is more or less surrounded by high houses so that the sky space is limited. I was looking for planes in the twilight sky, hardly expecting to see them. And then I saw one flying low, pounding heavily along, and then another. And another. Now and again a small light flashed. Now and again I mistook a star for a light. The heavy planes flew on slowly, relentlessly, heading south, always with this tremendous, vibrating hum—though hum isn't a big enough word for it. I watched them for some time, listened to a crescendo and diminuendo that were so intermingled as to become almost level. It was extraordinarily sinister, and the house-tops helped to make it more so. As it grew darker, I thought the gigantic procession must have come to an end, but then along the skyline of the houses yet another emerged very slowly, and then another until the skyline itself seemed to be broken by bits detaching themselves from it. The emergence of each plane from the solid mass of houses was as impersonal as fate and as terrible. And all the time the frightful vibration went on which seemed to reach from our little garden and the acacia tree to the very top of the sky.

The stern purpose of this endless procession of bombers, their deliberate slowness, the heaviness of it all, hardly bear thinking about. I thought of panic-stricken peoples and the reduction of beautiful things to nothingness or worse. And then I thought of the men in the planes, some of whom would certainly never come back. They must know this and they must wonder which of them it was to be. And I remembered the bombing of London, how we had sat in that very same house and how the inside of it had fallen about us and how a great iron girder from a near-by garage had been flung into the little garden and instead of hitting the house had lodged in the acacia tree. And I thought how the Italians—for it seemed as though it was to be the Italians again—had a few days ago transferred British prisoners to Germany and even how Mussolini had expressed his joy at the honor of being allowed to help in the bombing of London.

It was a long list of indictments, quite sufficient to do more than justify that long, fateful procession of bombers that were filling the whole sky with their progress. And I felt that many of us will have to remember that we are out to stop something awful; the moment the enemy cries out and is panic-stricken and the world is made horrible for him, we shall have to remember this very hard. When the quiet summer night with the thousand noises of little living things that make for peace and loveliness is broken by that sinister vibration, we have to remember the devotion of the lives which go to stop the awful thing that has come upon the world; we mustn't be sentimental—the English are horribly sentimental, and they have no memories; we must be strictly and sternly just. It is a good thing not to shut ourselves away from the fearfulness of retributive bombing but to face up to it, to realize that it is awful, even to see that deadly procession going out on its terrible mission, still more to know, in our own bodies, what that procession is going to do—in short, each and every one of us must shoulder some responsibility for a terrible act which, in this uncivilized world of ours, seems the only means of preventing something even more dreadful.

I couldn't stop thinking about the men in those bombers last night. And the uplift one experiences when—only too rarely—the news comes the next morning: "All our bombers returned safely." I think one of the things which warm our hearts most is the big part your airmen are taking in this most heroic of ventures. I didn't know how we could bear the blitz, but it was quite possible to do so. I can only imagine that airmen, equally, can face an almost unthinkable situation.

MURIEL HARRIS

London, August 17

What's Wrong?

Dear Sirs: Your issues of August 21 and 28 have stirred me to join the slowly mounting protests in "Letters to the Editors" coming from men in the service.

First, I must join Dr. Niebuhr and Pfc. E. W. in their critical attitude toward service men in general. It is not to be denied that they are "good fellows," yet many are totally lacking in sound moral principles or in any philosophy, sound or unsound, by which to govern their many relations with their fellow-man.

I have been in the service eighteen months, have spent eleven of them over seas. I have seen many men in all branches of the service, and in spite of their vacuous conversations, it would seem that many of them have simply failed to realize their full potentialities. They are mentally alert and keen, but their energies are expended on nothing. This would seem an indictment of our educational system.

It has been amusing—or should the word be disheartening?—to see so many men, looking for something to read, pick up my copy of *The Nation*, thumb through a few pages, and then pass on. But why should I expect them to read it? Men who can spend hours bragging about their amorous conquests and their staggering capacities for liquor—some put a tank car to shame—cannot be expected to have a moment for sober and serious reading. Why is it that the war has not jarred them loose from indifference and shallow thinking? It still amazes me that men who complain about being away from home and families, men who have spent uncertain hours in fox holes, still can give no thought as to why all this has happened, or why so many must die.

Mine has been a desire to be hopeful for a better post-war world, to be able to see some justification for the small sacrifices I have so far made. Yet, of what avail are the few weak voices of brotherhood and international good-will against the ignorant howl of the pitifully uninformed mass of my fellow-countrymen? Will I be called "Un-American," "unpatriotic" if I venture to say that, at times, I am ashamed of my country? Suppose, for example, that I had to explain past and present for-

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eign policy to a Spanish republican or to a Chinese guerrilla. What could I say? How can I honestly have hope for a better future when so many political acts of my country give the lie to all our fine words? Can I feel other than discouraged and disappointed in the future which looms uglier day by day?

Italy has capitulated. Is my waning patriotism to be snuffed out with Mr. Hull's "blessings on thee little man"? Shall we bolster the discredited House of Savoy and then condemn the Soviet Union for its lack of enthusiasm? Or does the word that Russia has concurred in the armistice give reason to hope for better days?

A BEWILDERED SEABEE

Somewhere in California, September 12

Presidents and Pressures

Dear Sirs: I have just read I. F. Stone's article, The President and Sumner Welles, in the issue of September 4 with great interest, but find myself somewhat at a loss to understand the position taken by Mr. Stone. It seems to me he has placed a large part of the blame for the present situation involving Welles and the State Department squarely on the shoulders of the President and let it go at that. There is little evidence of perception behind the scenes, or at any rate, a sublime ignorance of the governmental forces which might have motivated Mr. Roosevelt's actions. I view this attempt to lay the blame at the door of the White House, and of the White House *alone,* as a dangerous new "tack" among liberals which is potential dynamite, playing directly into the hands of the anti-Roosevelt forces.

First of all, the title itself indicates the incorrect emphasis which Stone has given to the State Department affair: The *President* and Sumner Welles. It is not Roosevelt who should be taken to task but rather the obstinate, recalcitrant, and in some instances out-and-out hostile members of Congress who have hung like dead weights around the President's neck. Admittedly Roosevelt has moved toward the right within the past few months—as evidenced by his support of Hull against Welles, his blast at Pearson, his attack on Wallace, and his indignant repudiation of columnist Samuel Grafton and the OWI. But these are only external symptoms of the great internal pressures being brought to bear on the Chief Executive in a time of crisis. Instead of abandoning the ship of state and its skipper—as the article implies by the reference to "we old-pro-Rooseveltians"—Stone and the rest of us would do well to start cleaning the barnacles off the hull. There are two simple expedients at the present time: (1) to continue support of FDR and his win-the-war policies, and (2) to expose more and more the vicious Congressional sabotage now going on within the government.

Wasn't it *The Nation* itself which, a few months back, published an exclusive article on the deliberate efforts of antagonistic, isolationist, anti-Roosevelt Congressmen to "gum up the works"? Doesn't Stone read his own magazine?

L. A. GREENBERG

New Rochelle, N. Y., September 11

Mr. Joesten to Mr. Bolles

Dear Sirs: At the end of his penetrating review of my book "Stalwart Sweden" (*The Nation,* September 11), Blair Bolles writes: "Mr. Joesten himself was born a German, and he has shown that nobody can be more anti-German than a German."

The last time I saw this judicious remark was in the *Völkischer Beobachter* of Berlin. I did not attempt to explain the matter to the editors of the *V. B.,* but I shall try to do so for the benefit of Mr. Bolles:

I am not and have never been anti-German, any more than I am anti-Swedish or anti-Danish. I have the deepest sympathy for the German people, who has been consistently misled, sacrificed, and betrayed by unworthy leaders. I am even pro-German in the sense that I desire nothing more than to see my unhappy country of origin at last purge itself of all the forces of evil that have controlled it so long and take its place among the democratic and progressive nations of the world. Because I am intensely pro-German in this sense I am, and have been all my life, irreconcilably opposed to Nazism, Fascism, and appeasement.

That Mr. Bolles, who fails to grasp the difference between an anti-Nazi German and an anti-German German, also should feel duty-bound to defend Sweden's policy of interning anti-Nazi Germans while leaving the Nazis free to do as they please does not surprise me. It is merely logical.

As to Sweden and its policies: Mr. Bolles lightly dismisses all my well-substantiated charges, based on a six years' stay in Scandinavia and constant preoccupation with the subject, by merely saying that I have a "grievance." His own knowledge of Sweden springs from a three or four weeks' conducted tour under the auspices of the Swedish Ministry of Propaganda. That, I admit, makes him an authority on the subject.

J. JOESTEN

Elmhurst, N. Y., September 9

Workers and Surpluses

Dear Sirs: I have heard much talk about the necessity for draining off surplus earnings of the workers by taxation to avoid inflation. I think such reasoning is absurd. Such talk implies that the worker, our average citizen, hasn't sense enough to handle his personal affairs intelligently. I am sure the worker would resent such implication. Furthermore, if he isn't permitted to retain a surplus earned in an abnormal period, how is he to provide for himself and his family in the subnormal period which is certain to follow? We can't get away from the balancing process—downs will follow ups and ups will follow downs.

Other persons, real and artificial, are permitted to accumulate surpluses for their protection, such surpluses being called reserves for depreciation, reserves for depletion, reserves for bad debts, etc. As a matter of simple justice, the American worker should be permitted a reserve for depression.

Self-respect and self-reliance have been vital American characteristics. We must retain them. Bread lines of depressions and dependency on unemployment insurance have a tendency to destroy both self-respect and self-reliance. With opportunity to provide, and responsibility for providing, for himself and his family, the worker, or the average American citizen, will remain the rock upon which this nation stands.

FLAHAVHAN MARTIN

Amarillo, Tex., September 9

CONTRIBUTORS

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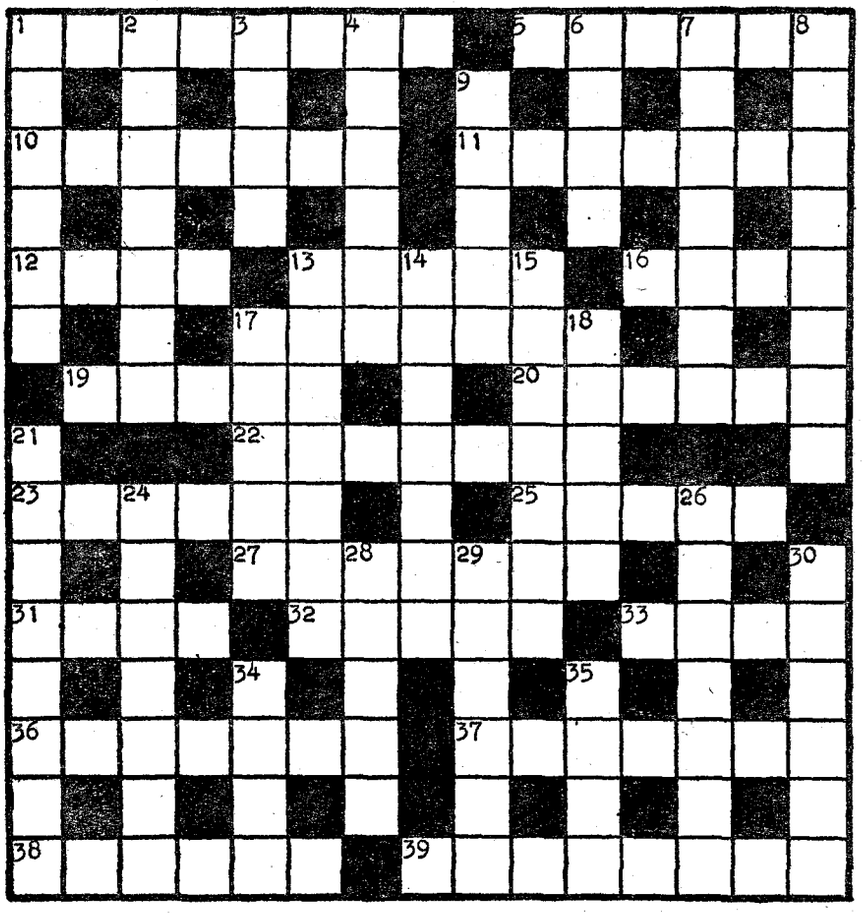
Cross-Word Puzzle No. 32

By JACK BARRETT



ACROSS

1 There's no denying that this drink may go to the head
5 K 9
10 There is ice in the drinking cup already
11 An uninteresting morning in a biblical cave
12 Tart, far from sweet
13 Two I's and only one dot! No wonder he's dotty!
16 Worst
17 I read on (anag.)
19 Many a singer has inquired where she was
20 He's quite at home in someone else's house
22 Roll along
23 A village tragedy
25 Order to publish about a hundred
27 These repasts include the place where you may obtain them
31 The number who resign political office, according to Jefferson
32 Jupiter's gift to Minerva
33 This number is a riot
36 A thankless person
37 His work is elevating
38 To run a car into one involves comparatively little risk
39 Followed Louis in France

DOWN

1 Drink which may produce a trance
2 A very cold period indeed
3 No journey for the footballer
4 Opens with a closing word. That's fine!
6 Will give you the shivers
7 It is better to take it lying down
8 Hatreds ending, happily, in bonds of union
9 Despicable character from Gulliver's Travels
13 I tear in (anag.)
14 Pressing work, this
15 Needed on farms—and on boats
17 Played, but not in a game
18 Should life be measured in years? No, in these
21 An object with ink in it
24 This executive might be a German
26 Some smokers like this at the end of a cigarette (two words, 4 and 3)
28 Is fresher with mutton in it
29 One bit?
30 A change of course
34 You should not stand in this way
35 Laid up

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 31

ACROSS:—1 BOBTAIL; 5 CASKETS; 9 LIAISON; 10 NOISOME; 11 EAT; 13 INHERE; 15 STRICT; 16 TRESSES; 17 NOSE; 19 STIR; 20 REARRANGE; 21 WINE; 23 COMB; 26 BILLIES; 28 GOTHIC; 29 SILENT; 30 VAT; 32 LOBELIA; 33 RESERVE; 34 SPEED UP; 35 YEARNED.

DOWN:—1 BILLION; 2 BEACHES; 3 ASSORT; 4 LANE; 5 CENT; 6 STILTS; 7 EGOTIST; 8 SPECTER; 12 AUSTRALIA; 14 ERRATIC; 15 SEANCES; 18 ERE; 19 SEC; 21 WAGGLES; 22 NOTABLE; 24 OVERRUN; 25 BUTT-END; 26 BILLED; 27 SIESTA; 30 VAMP; 31 TROY.

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